NO. 47
PEP
THE SHIELD
MAR.
COMICS
10¢
I, THE SHIELD, WILL SAVE YOU!
PEP COMICS 10¢
AN MLJ MAGAZINE

SHIELD G-MAN CLUB

BULLETIN NO. 25

HELLO, GANG:

This is not an ordinary bulletin, it is a reminder. A reminder of what it means to be a SHIELD G-MAN member. We've got the finest club in the world because we have the finest members in the world.

In this time of trouble and bloodshed, boys and girls with high ideals and the spirit of democracy in their hearts were never so much needed. Democracy isn't just a word, it is a belief, perhaps even a religion; a religion of the entire world in which there is no difference between any race, creed or color. Unfortunately, there are people right here in our beloved country who will have you believe otherwise. Don't let them do it. Always remember the next guy is as good as you are, and you are as good as the next guy.

Supposing we have some kind of a contest. I am going to ask you for letters on democracy. Just tell us what you think of Hitler and his way of doing things as compared with the American way of doing things. For instance, here, we elect our government. In Germany, Hitler picks the government. Here we have fair trials for everyone. Over there, they shoot them without a trial. Here, all men are considered equal, over there, the Germans are the super-race. Get the idea?

The best letters will be published every issue on this page and the winners will get an autographed portrait of Dusty and myself. So sit right down and write those letters on democracy right now.

Joe Higgins
(The Shield)

USE THIS ENTIRE COUPON!!

JUST PRINT PLAINLY ON THIS COUPON, YOUR NAME, ADDRESS, AGE AND SEND IT TO ME WITH 10c TO COVER COST OF MAILING AND HANDLING.

Joe Higgins
Room 603
241 Church St.
New York City

Dear Joe:
Please enroll me as a member of the **SHIELD G-MAN CLUB.** I am enclosing this coupon together with Ten Cents to cover the costs of handling and mailing my Badge and Identification Card.

NAME.....

ADDRESS..... AGE.....

CUT ON THIS LINE

EXACT COPY OF BADGE
IN THREE COLORS
RED—WHITE—BLUE

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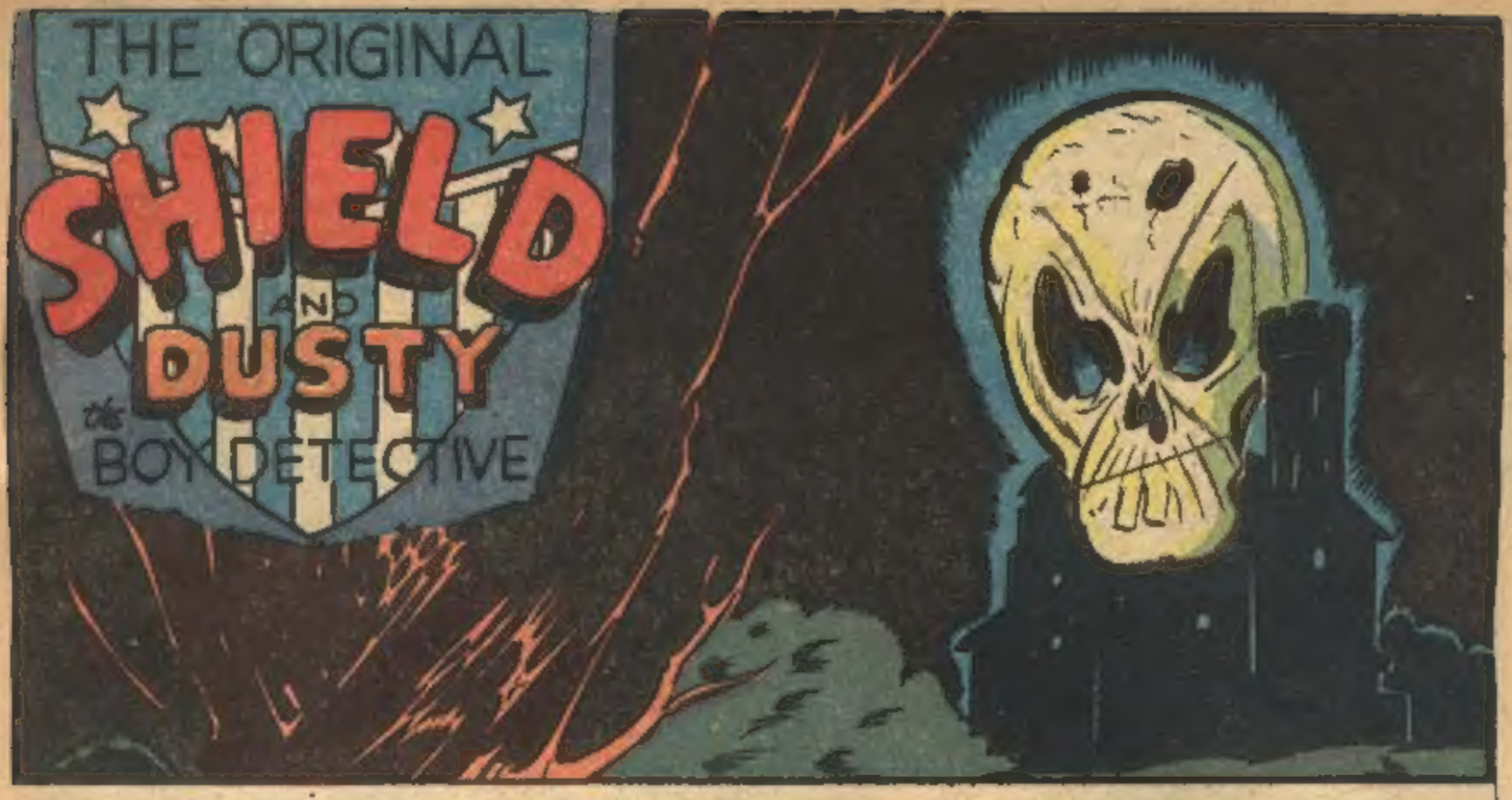


in The MADMAN'S CASTLE

DEATH HAS EYES TO SEE IN THE DARK! OR SO IT SEEMED TO THE SHIELD AND DUSTY WHEN THEY PLUNGED INTO THE STRANGE MAZE OF MYSTERY AND MURDER THAT SURROUNDED THE ANCIENT TOWERS OF.....
Madman's Castle

HARRY SHORTEN - EDITOR

MANY AND STRANGE LETTERS PASS THROUGH THE OFFICES OF THE FBI.....
HMMM! THIS IS A NEW ONE!
WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT?
READS THE SAME AS THE OTHERS! WHAT'S SO DIFFERENT ABOUT THIS ONE?
Come at once: you may be in time to prevent great harm to your country
Charlotte Max
DIDN'T YOU NOTICE THE CREST-OF-ARMS? THAT PARTICULAR DESIGN IS USED ONLY BY ROYALTY!
DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE GOING HIGH-HAT?
DON'T BE SILLY! I'M JUST CURIOUS!
I KNOW THE SIGNS... WHEN DO WE MOVE IN WITH THE DUKES AND DUCHESSES?
AND SO THE NEXT NIGHT, JOE HIGGINS AND DUSTY STAND AT THE ENTRANCE TO A RUINED CHATEAU...
LOOKS LIKE ROYALTY IS OUT OF FASHION THESE DAYS!
I'M ANXIOUS TO MEET THIS CHARLOTTE MAX!
I WONDER IF ANYBODY'S HOME?
YOUR GUESS IS AS GOOD AS MINE!
PARDON ME.... WE CAME TO SEE CHARLOTTE MAX!
NEVER HEARD OF HER! YOU'VE COME TO THE WRONG HOUSE!

I'M SURE THERE'S NO MISTAKE! WE GOT A LETTER FROM HER YESTERDAY... AND IT WAS MAILED FROM THIS ADDRESS!
IMPOSSIBLE! GO AWAY!
WELL, I'LL BE!
IT'S A LONG WAY BACK TO TOWN! WE MIGHT AS WELL GET STARTED!
SLAM!
SOMETHING'S QUEER ABOUT THIS, DUSTY! THAT OLD MAN KNEW MORE THAN HE TOLD US!
WHAT WAS THAT?
A SCREAM! SOUNDED LIKE A WOMAN'S VOICE!
HELP! HELP!
THAT'S OUR CUE! COME ON!
RIGHT WITH YOU SHIELD!
LET HER GO!
JUST WHOM ARE YOU REFERRING TO?
THE WOMAN WHO SCREAMED... THAT IS... I.. ER...

DO YOU ENJOY THE MIDNIGHT HOUR? IT'S ONE OF MY FAVORITE PROGRAMS!
YOU MEAN THE SCREAM CAME FROM THERE?
EXACTLY! I'M AFRAID YOU OWE THE COUNT DE MAXIMILIAN AN APOLOGY!
OF COURSE! I'M SORRY FOR BREAKING IN LIKE THIS!
GOSH! WE SURE LOOKED FOOLISH, SHIELD!
I'VE SEEN THAT MONOCLED GUY BEFORE!
I KNOW! HE'S KURT RIEMAR!
THE FORMER AUSTRIAN CONSUL?
THE FBI'S NEVER BEEN SURE WHETHER OR NOT HE'S A SPY! HE'S BEEN TOO CLEVER TO GET MIXED UP IN ANYTHING SHADY!
MAYBE WE'D BETTER TAKE ANOTHER LOOK! ONLY THIS TIME WE'LL BE MORE CAREFUL!
GOSH! THIS PLACE IS AS BLACK AS DEATH!
DON'T SAY SUCH THINGS! YOU MAKE ME NERVOUS!

WHA?
SHHH! BE QUIET!
I CAN'T SEE! IS THAT YOU, SHIELD?
I AM THE COUNT DE MAXIMILIAN!
I HEARD YOU COME IN! I MUST TALK TO YOU-- ALONE! IT'S ABOUT MY DAUGHTER!
SHE'S BEING HELD A PRIS
AAAAH""!
BANG! BANG!
HE'S BEEN SHOT! TURN ON THE LIGHTS!
WHERE ARE THEY? I CAN'T SEE A THING IN HERE!
HE'S DEAD! TWO SHOTS THROUGH THE BACK-- AND SO CLOSE TOGETHER YOU COULD COVER THEM WITH A NICKEL PIECE!
IT CAN'T BE, SHIELD! NOBODY COULD SHOOT LIKE THAT IN THIS DARKNESS!
THERE WAS NO LIGHT TO SEE BY! YET SOMEONE SAW THE COUNT WELL ENOUGH TO KILL HIM!
IT'S IMPOSSIBLE--UNLESS THE KILLER HAD EYES THAT CAN SEE IN THE DARK!

WE'LL SOON FIND OUT!
YOU SEARCH THE ROOMS ON THIS SIDE OF THE HOUSE! I'LL TAKE THE EAST WING!
RIGHT!
THE KILLER MAY BE LURKING IN AMBUSH ANYWHERE IN THIS PLACE! I'D BETTER BE CAREFUL!
DID MY FATHER SEND YOU HERE!
OOPS! SORRY TO INTRUDE!
WHO IS YOUR FATHER?
COUNT DE MAXIMILIAN, OF COURSE! HE DOESN'T APPROVE OF MY PAINTING! HE'S ALWAYS SENDING SOMEONE TO ANNOY ME IN THE MIDDLE OF MY WORK
HE WON'T ANNOY YOU ANY MORE!.... YOU'D BETTER COME WITH ME!
LET GO OF MY ARM, YOU PEASANT!
JUST THEN--IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CASTLE..
THE SHIELD!
DON'T BE IN A HURRY TO CLOSE THAT DOOR!

STAY BACK!
NOT ON YOUR TINTYPE!

JUST LIE DOWN AND REST A WHILE!

MFFFF!

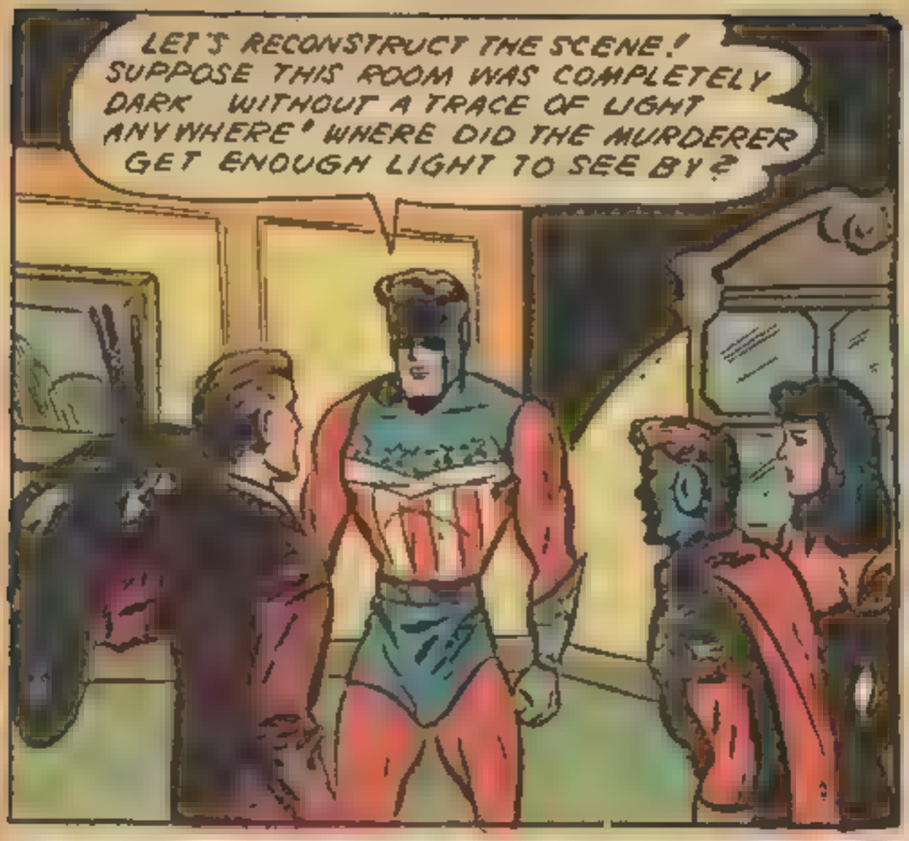
YOU'RE CHARLOTTE MAX!
YES! I WROTE A LETTER TO THE FBI! KURT RIEMAR FOUND OUT! HE WANTED TO KILL ME- BUT MY FATHER WOULDN'T LET HIM!

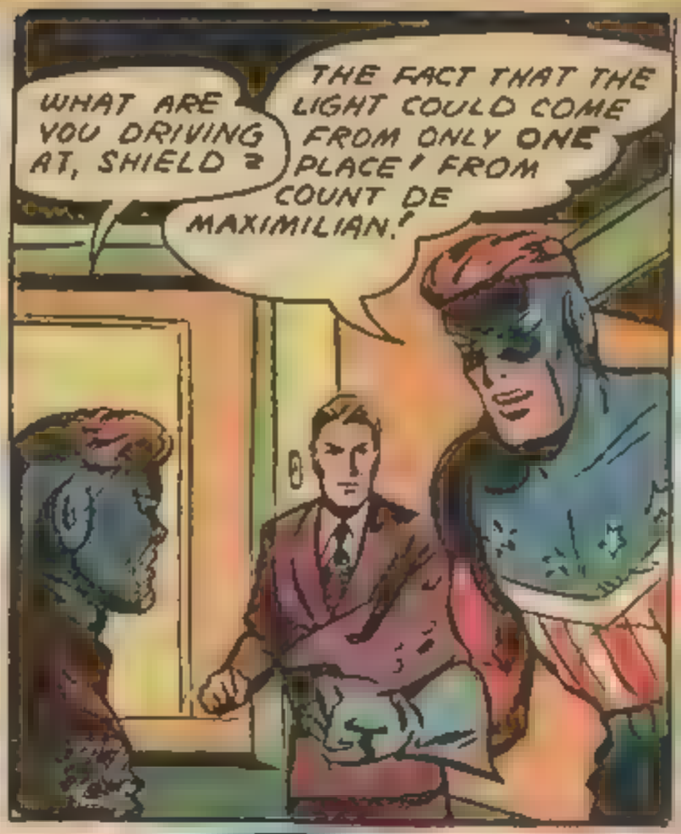
HE WOULD HAVE KILLED ME LATER, ANYWAY! BUT THEY DIDN'T DARE DEFY MY FATHER TO HIS FACE!
HOW DID YOUR FATHER GET MIXED UP WITH KURT RIEMAR?

RIEMAR IS AN ENEMY AGENT! HE'S BEEN TRYING TO STIR UP A ROYALIST REVOLUTION IN MEXICO!

MY FATHER IS A DIRECT DESCENDANT OF EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN—THE LAST KING OF MEXICO! RIEMAR WANTED TO PUT HIM ON THE THRONE!
QUITE AN AMBITIOUS SCHEME!

I WANTED TO BE PLAIN CHARLOTTE MAX--HERE IN AMERICA! BUT MY FATHER COULDN'T STOP DREAMING OF THE OLD DAYS OF ROYALTY! HE DIDN'T REALIZE THEY WERE USING HIM AS A FASCIST TOOL!
CALL THE POLICE! THEY'LL TAKE CARE OF RIEMAR!
OKAY, SHIELD!
TAKE GOOD CARE OF HIM OFFICER! THE F.B.I. WILL WANT TO HAVE A HEART-TO-HEART TALK WITH HIM!
WE'LL STICK TO HIM LIKE A COAT OF PAINT!
THAT WINDS UP THE CASE! WE'D BETTER BE GOING!
I'M NOT SO SURE!
YOU THINK RIEMAR KILLED THE COUNT?
SURE! THE COUNT CHANGED HIS MIND WHEN HE SAW HIS DAUGHTER WAS IN DANGER... AND RIEMAR HAD TO KILL HIM!
THEN HOW DO YOU EXPLAIN THE FACT THAT THE COUNT WAS KILLED IN A COMPLETELY DARK ROOM? BY A MURDERER WHO SAW WELL ENOUGH TO PUT TWO BULLETS INTO HIS HEART AT TWENTY FEET!
GOSH! I FORGOT ABOUT THAT!
THIS MURDER WAS PLANNED IN ADVANCE! BY SOMEONE WHO HAD A METHOD ALREADY DECIDED UPON! AND THAT PERSON WAS NOT KURT RIEMAR!


LET'S RECONSTRUCT THE SCENE! SUPPOSE THIS ROOM WAS COMPLETELY DARK WITHOUT A TRACE OF LIGHT ANYWHERE! WHERE DID THE MURDERER GET ENOUGH LIGHT TO SEE BY?


WHAT ARE YOU DRIVING AT, SHIELD?
THE FACT THAT THE LIGHT COULD COME FROM ONLY ONE PLACE! FROM COUNT DE MAXIMILIAN!

JUST THEN
SHIELD! THE LIGHTS, WENT OUT!

BANG
BANG
DUCK!

WOW! THOSE SHOTS CAME CLOSE!
BECAUSE OUR KILLER CAN SEE IN THE DARK!

QUICK! STAND WITH YOUR BACKS TO THE WALL!
WHAT'S THE IDEA?

DON'T COME NEAR ME, SHIELD! OR I'LL KILL YOU!
YOU'RE IN FRONT OF ME NOW!
AND I FIGURE YOUR JAW SHOULD BE JUST ABOUT HERE!
JUST AS I THOUGHT! THE COUNT'S OWN SON WAS HIS MURDERER!
HOW DID YOU KNOW?
I SAW THE PHOSPHORUS IN HIS PAINT BOX! HE DAUBED IT ON THE COUNT'S BACK—AND WHEN THE LIGHTS WENT OUT HE FIRED INTO THE LIGHT MADE BY THE PHOSPHORUS!
SO THAT'S WHY YOU MADE US STAND WITH OUR BACKS TO THE WALL
I THOUGHT HE MIGHT TRY THE SAME TRICK ON US! QUEER, BUT IT WAS PHOSPHORUS THAT SHOWED WHERE HE WAS INSTEAD!
TRACES OF THE LUMINOUS PAINT WERE STILL ON HIS FINGERS!
WHY DID HE DO IT? WHY?
HE THOUGHT HE WOULD BE MADE KING IN YOUR FATHER'S PLACE! HE INHERITED THE SAME MAD LOVE OF POWER!
YOU KNOW, I ALMOST WISH THEY'D TRIED THEIR REVOLUTION! THEY WOULD HAVE LEARNED HOW A PEOPLE WILL FIGHT FOR DEMOCRACY!-- AND THAT'S A LESSON THAT TYRANTS ALL OVER THE WORLD NEED TO BE TAUGHT!
END

CAPTAIN COMMANDO
and the BOY SOLDIERS
Communique #13
WE GIVE YOU A PEEK INTO THE FUTURE! A THOUSAND YEARS INTO THE FUTURE, TO BE EXACT! A FUTURE WHICH WILL BE MADE POSSIBLE BY THE BATTLE-CRY OF THE COMMANDOS TODAY!!
"WE'LL NEVER BE LICKED"

THE YEAR.. 2944... THE PLACE.. THE UNITED STATES OF EUROPA! A VERY DIFFERENT EUROPE FROM THE BLOODY, BATTLE-SCARRED CONTINENT FIGHTING OFF THE NAZI HORDES TODAY! AND YET ONE WONDERS ARE THE INHABITANTS OF THIS UTOPIA AWARE THAT THEY OWE THEIR EXISTENCE TO THOSE HEROES OF YESTERYEAR?

THAT IS OUR STORY!

OUR STORY OPENS IN A MUSEUM IN THE CAPITOL OF UNITED EUROPE! A MUSEUM WHICH IS A MONUMENT TO A RACE OF CULTURE, HARMONY, AND PEACE..

HAVE YOU BROUGHT ALL MY SKETCHES, QUINTOS?

YES, DANTON!

BEAUTIES, SIR! NO WONDER YOU'RE KNOWN AS THE *GREATEST* ARTIST IN EUROPA!

YES QUINTOS! THEY'RE PRETTY ENOUGH!

..AND YET NONE OF THEM ARE *EXACTLY* WHAT I WANT!

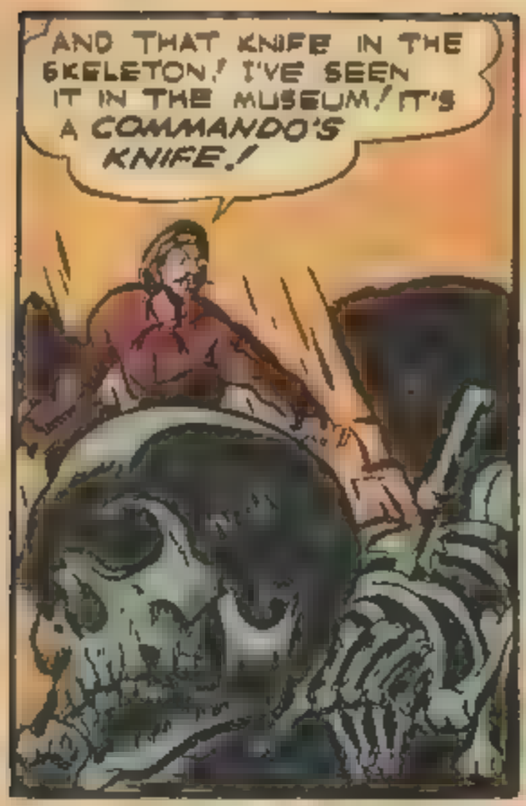
I DON'T UNDERSTAND SIR!

WELL I'VE BEEN COMMISSIONED TO DO THE MURAL FOR THIS MUSEUM! A MURAL THAT WILL SYMBOLIZE THE STRUGGLES OF OUR ANCESTORS!

AND NONE OF THESE SKETCHES SEEM TO GRASP THAT FEELING! I'M DRY OF INSPIRATION! GET ME A ROCKET SHIP QUINTOS I'M GOING ON A TRIP!

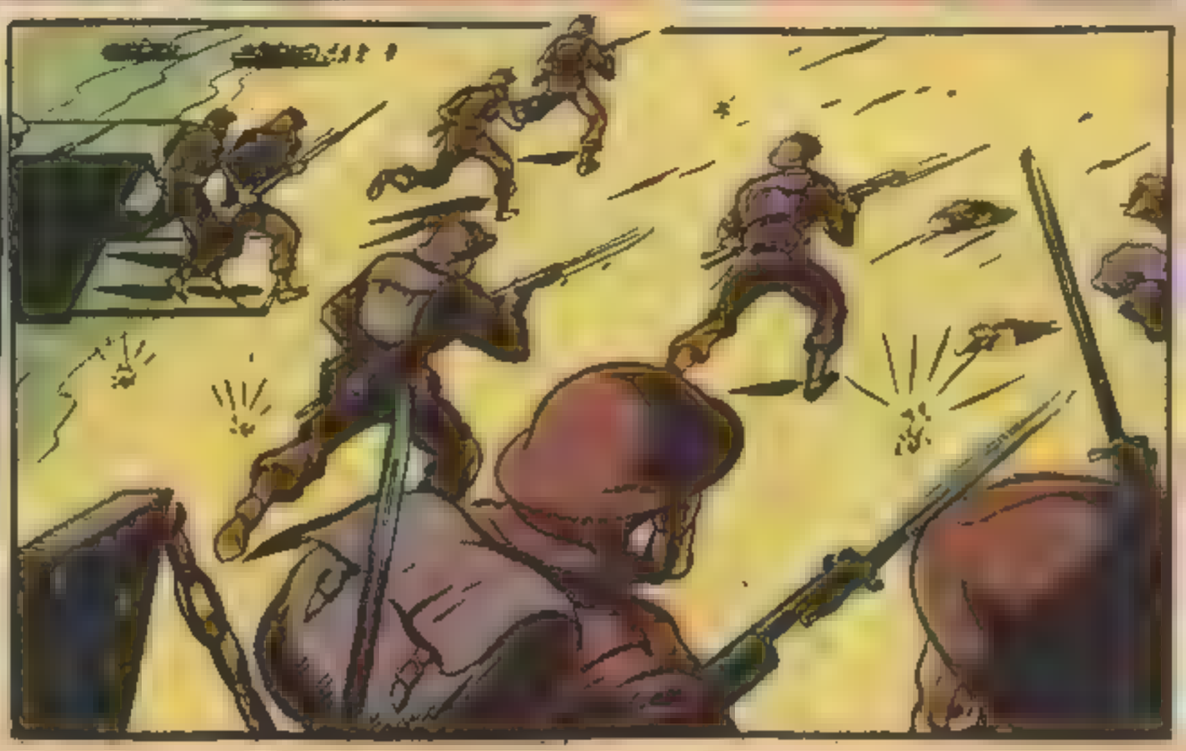
YES DANTON!

PERHAPS, I'LL BE ABLE TO WORK BETTER AT MY ESTATE IN ITALY! FAREWELL QUINTOS!
FAREWELL, SIR AND GOOD LUCK!
AND SO IT IS, EUROPE'S GREATEST ARTIST HURTLES THROUGH THE STRATOSPHERE AT 1000 MILES AN HOUR BENT ON A SINGLE QUEST.. BUT FAR LESS STRANGE THAN THE EXPERIENCE DESTINED TO BE THE FRUIT OF THIS IMPULSE...
FOR DAYS, DANTON ROAMS THE COUNTRYSIDE, NEAR HIS ESTATE TRYING TO CAPTURE THE ELUSIVE INSPIRATION FOR HIS MURAL...
IT'S NO USE! I STILL HAVEN'T GOT IT!!
PHEW! THE SUN'S HOT... AH!.. A CAVE! A GOOD PLACE TO COOL OFF!
CLICK!
WHAT'S THIS... LOOKS LIKE A RUSTED IRON POT.. NO! I RECOGNIZE IT NOW! IT'S A HELMET.. A COMMANDO HELMET!



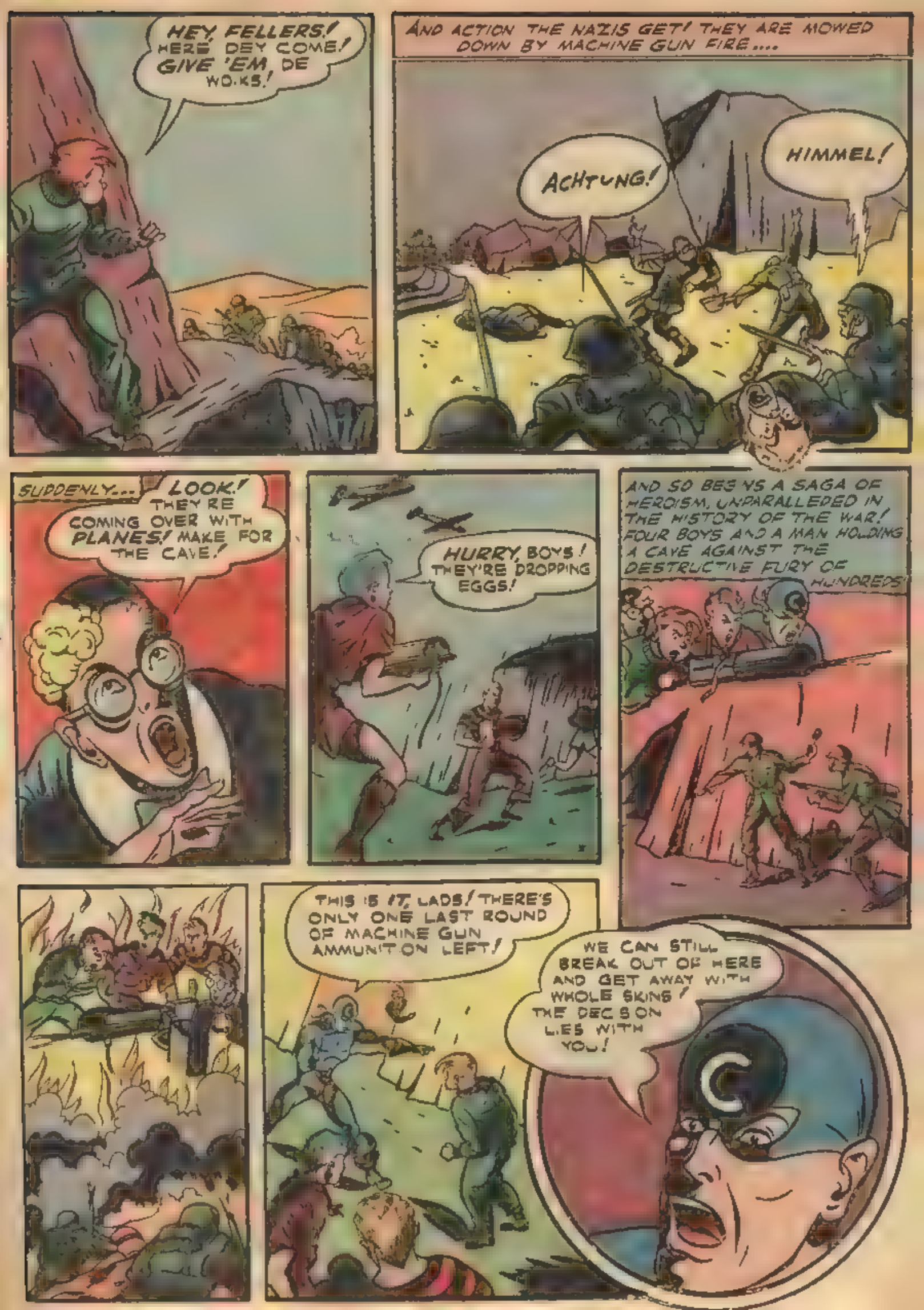
THIS CAVE IS A VERITABLE MUSEUM OF RELICS FROM THAT HORRIBLE SECOND WORLD WAR OF THE 20 TH. CENTURY! I THINK I'LL DO SOME EXPLORING!

AND SO... OUR ARTIST IS FLASHED BACK THROUGH THE AGES IN HIS DREAM - BACK TO THE YEAR 1943! AT THE BREAK OF DAWN, THE COMMANDOS LAND ON THE BULLET SWEPT BEACHES OF ITALY! ONCE MORE, OUR HEROES ARE LOCKED IN MORTAL COMBAT, WITH THE ENEMIES OF CIVILIZATION -- THE NAZIS AND FASCISTS!



UP AND AT 'EM COMMANDOS! EVERY MAN TO HIS OBJECTIVE!!!
SUDDENLY, PANDEMONIUM BREAKS LOOSE! SHELLS EXPLODE ALL AROUND.... THE AIR IS FILLED WITH THE SMOKE AND CRIES OF BATTLE....
THEY'VE SPOTTED US.. RUN FOR THE HILLS
ZING
ZING
ZING
ZING
LET'S ENTRENCH HERE! THIS HILL DOMINATES THE PASS! WE'LL HOLD 'EM 'TIL REENFORCEMENTS ARRIVE!
GET SET, BOYS! MAN THE MACHINE GUNS!
I'LL SEE WHAT'S COOKING DOWN BELOW!

HOLY FISHES! LOOK WHAT I SEE!
THE COMMANDOS ARE RE-EMBARKING! DO WE MAKE A BREAK FOR IT OR STAY AND DEFEND THIS PASS 'TIL REENFORCEMENTS ARRIVE!
WE STAY!
OF COURSE!
AND SOON THE SHELLS BEGIN TO EXPLODE ALL AROUND THEM. THE ACRID SMELL OF CORDITE FILLS THE AIR...


HEY, FELLERS! HERE DEY COME! GIVE 'EM DE WORKS!
AND ACTION THE NAZIS GET! THEY ARE MOWED DOWN BY MACHINE GUN FIRE....
ACHTUNG!
HIMMEL!
SUDDENLY... LOOK! THEY'RE COMING OVER WITH PLANES! MAKE FOR THE CAVE!
HURRY, BOYS! THEY'RE DROPPING EGGS!
AND SO BEGINS A SAGA OF HEROISM, UNPARALLELED IN THE HISTORY OF THE WAR! FOUR BOYS AND A MAN HOLDING A CAVE AGAINST THE DESTRUCTIVE FURY OF HUNDREDS
THIS IS IT, LADS! THERE'S ONLY ONE LAST ROUND OF MACHINE GUN AMMUNITION LEFT!
WE CAN STILL BREAK OUT OF HERE AND GET AWAY WITH WHOLE SKINS! THE DECISION LIES WITH YOU!

YA B'N CHIPPIN' ON THE CAVE WALL WIT' DAT KNIFE FER HOURS! WHY DON'CHA CUT T' OUT!
EASY, BOYS! WE MUSTN'T LET OUR NERVES CRACK!
IT'S MY ANSWER TO CAP'S QUESTION, BIG MOUTH!
SAY! TAKE A LOOK AT WHAT BILLY SCRATCHED OUT! WELL, DAT'S MY ANSWER TOO!
MINE TOO!
ET MO!
LET'S SHAKE ON IT!
AND SO — S! THE NAZIS GET THE ANSWER TO CAPTAIN COMMANDO'S QUESTION IN COLD LEAD..
BUT SOON THE MACHINE GUN AMMUNITION IS EXHAUSTED! RELENTLESSLY THE GERMANS SWARM INTO THE CAVE...
..ONLY TO BE MET BY A WITHERING RIFLE! BUT EVEN THAT IS FINALLY USED UP...
GET YOUR KNIVES READY, BOYS!
FAST AND FURIOUS CONTINUED THE LIFE AND DEATH STRUGGLE IN THE WEIRD LIGHT OF THE SUBTERRANEAN CAVE...
..NO QUARTER WAS GIVEN... NONE ASKED..
WHEN SUDDENLY...
RAT-TAT-TAT..
RAT-TAT-TAT
RAT-TAT-TAT
RAT-TAT-TAT
RAT-TAT-TAT
RAT-TAT-TAT
RAT-TAT-TAT

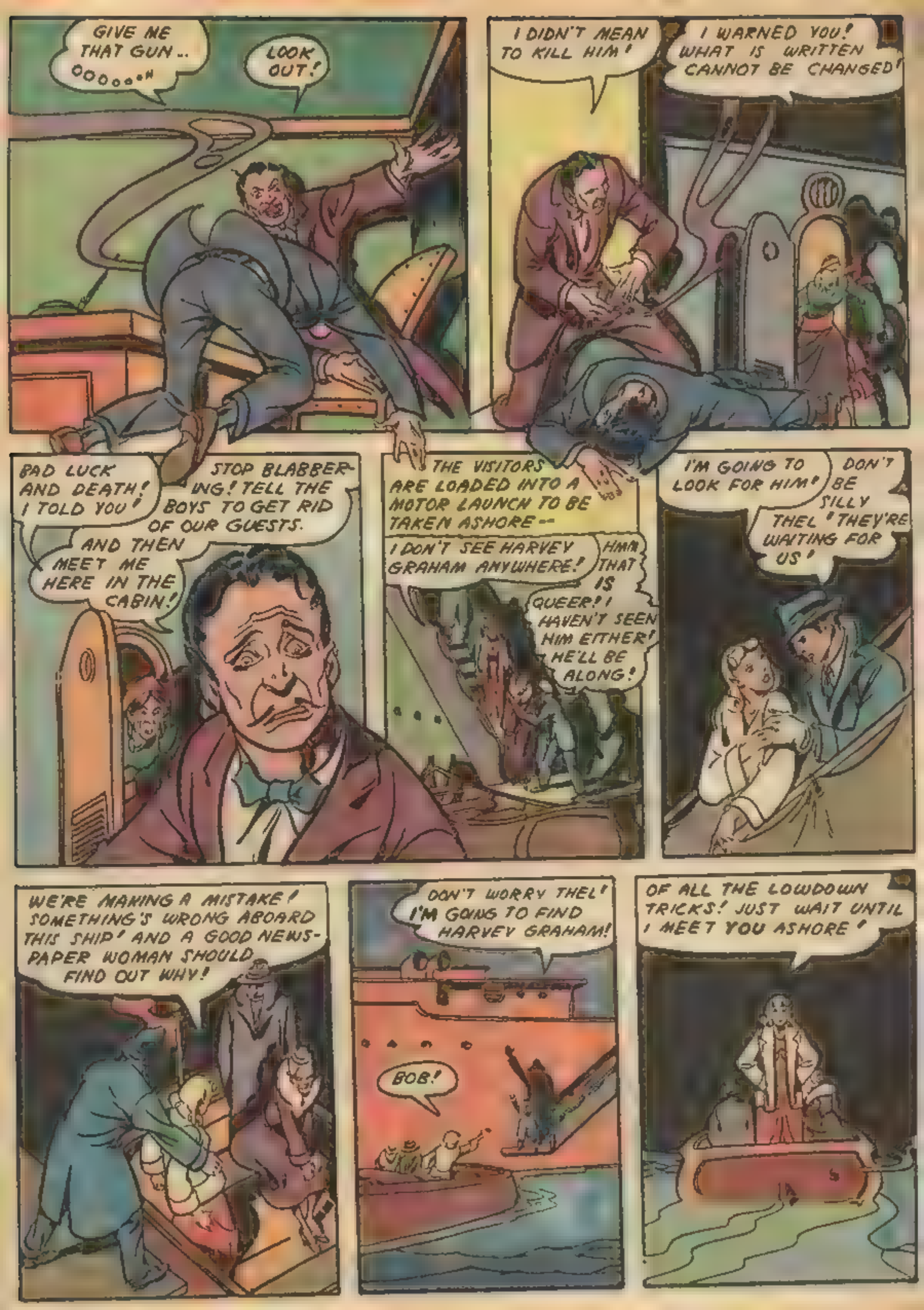
KAMARADE
'ANDS UP! JERRY!
CONGRATULATIONS, CAPTAIN COMMANDO ON YOUR SPLENDID DEFENSE! HOW COULD YOU SURVIVE SUCH ENORMOUS ODDS??
RANGER
YOU'LL FIND THE ANSWER TO THAT SCRATCHED OUT ON THE CAVE WALL SIR! IT'S AN ANSWER, THAT'LL SPELL THE DOOM OF FASCISM!
MY WORD! I MUST HAVE FALLEN ASLEEP... WHAT A DREAM I HAD!
AND YET IT ALL SEEMED SO REAL! EVEN THAT MESSAGE SCRATCHED OUT ON THE WALL... POSH! IT COULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED JUST THAT WAY OF COURSE!
JUST FOR CURIOSITY'S SAKE I'LL LOOK ON THE WALL, AND... GOOD HEAVENS! THERE IS SOMETHING WRITTEN ON IT!
WE'LL NEVER BE LICKED
THUS IT IS THAT SOME WEEKS LATER A NEW MURAL ADORNS THE MUSEUM, DEDICATED TO FREEDOM! A MURAL WHICH SWEEPS EUROPIA WITH ITS MESSAGE AND INSPIRATION...
"WE'LL NEVER BE LICKED"

The HANGMAN and The NOOSE!

THIS STORY REALLY BEGINS IN THE YEAR 1608. WHEN THE NOTORIOUS BUCCANEER, ELIAS WOLFE, WAS ON TRIAL FOR HIS LIFE -
WE FIND YOU GUILTY OF THE CRIME OF HIGH PIRACY! THE SENTENCE IS DEATH -- BY THE HANGMAN'S NOOSE!
AS ELIAS WOLFE WAS LED FROM THE COURT, HE BROKE FREE FROM THE BAILIFFS -
YOU'LL NEVER HANG ME!
SEIZE HIM!
@%!!$@
TRAPPED! BUT YOU WON'T TAKE ME ALIVE!
BY A MISCHANCE THE BULLET THAT WOLFE MEANT FOR HIS PURSUERS STRUCK DOWN AN OLD GYPSY WOMAN
WE'VE GOT YOU! BUT YOU'VE KILLED THE GYPSY!
THE OLD HAG DESERVED TO DIE! I WOULD'VE ESCAPED -- HAD SHE NOT BLOCKED MY PATH!
I HOPE THE MAGGOTS TAKE HER BONES!
I HEAR YOU, ELIAS WOLFE! A CURSE UPON THEE FOR THY BLACK HEART!

LET ALL THY OFFSPRING DIE AS THOU WILT- AT THE END OF A NOOSE! NONE SHALL ESCAPE THE FATE!
I AM NOT AFEARED OF A WOMAN'S CURSE! NOT ELIAS WOLFE!
COME ALONG!
BUT ELIAS WOLFE DIED AT THE END OF A HANGMAN'S NOOSE.. AND BY A STRANGE QUIRK OF FATE, SO DID THE MEMBERS OF THE WOLFE CLAN WHO FOLLOWED HIM! SOME FOR MUTINY, AND SOME FOR MURDER OTHERS FOR THEIR FAITH OR THEIR POLITICS... ALL OF THEM DIED --
AND THE LAST OF THE WOLFE CLAN.. RICHARD WOLFE - RETURNED TO THE SEA. HE WAS A PIRATE TOO.. IN THE MODERN SENSE THOUGH HIS GAMBLING SHIP NEVER MOVED BEYOND THE 3 MILE LIMIT..
HARVEY GRAHAM, THE PLAYBOY, HIT A LUCKY STREAK AT ROULETTE! WE OWE HIM FIFTY GRAND, AND HE WANTS TO COLLECT!
I CAN'T PAY HIM!
WE CAN'T WELSH ON HIM! HE'D TELL EVERYBODY HE KNEW AND RUIN OUR BUSINESS!
SEND HIM TO ME! I'LL TALK TO HIM!

MR WOLFE WILL SEE YOU NOW!
I HOPE HE'S GOT THE CASH READY!
BOB DICKERING AND THELMA GORDON ARE AMONG THOSE WHO WATCH THE LUCKY WINNER DEPART-
GRAHAM WON A FORTUNE TONIGHT!
SOME PEOPLE HAVE ALL THE LUCK!
DOESN'T LOOK AS THOUGH YOU'LL FIND YOUR FEATURE STORY HERE TONIGHT!
NOTHING EXCITING HAS HAPPENED!
I HAVEN'T GIVEN UP, BOB!
AT THIS MOMENT
ROSA! WHAT DO YOU WANT?
TONIGHT IS BAD LUCK... AND DEATH! I SAW IT IN THE CARDS! I CAME TO WARN YOU!
SAVE YOUR PROPHECIES FOR THE CUSTOMERS! THEY PAY FOR THAT HOKUM.. I'M BUSY!
I ONLY TELL YOU WHAT IS WRITTEN!
I'M SORRY GRAHAM BUT I CAN'T PAY YOU THE FIFTY THOUSAND TONIGHT!
YOU'LL PAY- OR I'LL TELL EVERYONE I KNOW THAT YOU'RE A CROOK! I'LL PUT YOU OUT OF BUSINESS!
I'LL TELL THEM ANYWAY! I WHA?
SIT DOWN, GRAHAM!


GIVE ME THAT GUN.. OOOoo.."
LOOK OUT!
I DIDN'T MEAN TO KILL HIM!
I WARNED YOU! WHAT IS WRITTEN CANNOT BE CHANGED!
BAD LUCK AND DEATH! I TOLD YOU!
STOP BLABBERING! TELL THE BOYS TO GET RID OF OUR GUESTS.
AND THEN MEET ME HERE IN THE CABIN!
THE VISITORS ARE LOADED INTO A MOTOR LAUNCH TO BE TAKEN ASHORE --
I DON'T SEE HARVEY GRAHAM ANYWHERE!
HMM THAT IS QUEER! I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM EITHER! HE'LL BE ALONG!
I'M GOING TO LOOK FOR HIM!
DON'T BE SILLY THEL! THEY'RE WAITING FOR US!
WE'RE MAKING A MISTAKE! SOMETHING'S WRONG ABOARD THIS SHIP! AND A GOOD NEWSPAPER WOMAN SHOULD FIND OUT WHY!
DON'T WORRY THEL! I'M GOING TO FIND HARVEY GRAHAM!
BOB!
OF ALL THE LOWDOWN TRICKS! JUST WAIT UNTIL I MEET YOU ASHORE!

I DON'T WANT THEL TO GET INTO TROUBLE! AND THERE IS TROUBLE ABOARD THIS SHIP! GRAHAM DIDN'T STAY BEHIND BECAUSE HE WANTED TO
AS BOB DICKERING TURNS A CORNER OF THE DECK, HE COMES UNEXPECTEDLY UPON A GRIM SCENE-
WHAT TH..!
GET HIM!
DON'T LET HIM ESCAPE! HE'S SEEN TOO MUCH TO LIVE!
BONG
SEND HIM TO JOIN GRAHAM! OVER THE SIDE!
NO ONE WILL FIND THEIR BODIES!
SPLASH
BUT THE SHOCK OF COLD WATER REVIVES BOB DICKERING AND HIS SUPERBLY TRAINED ATHLETIC BODY DOES THE REST--
I'M LUCKY TO BE ALIVE BUT RICHARD WOLFE IS GOING TO BE SORRY!
WOLFE'S CABIN SHOULD BE NEAR HERE!

THAT WAS A CLOSE CALL, GENTLEMEN! I'LL WAGER YOU THOUGHT I'D SHARE YOUR FATE-AND END MY DAYS ON A HANGMAN'S NOOSE! BUT YOU'RE WRONG
DON'T BE TOO SURE OF THAT!
THE HANGMAN! WHAT DO YOU WANT HERE?
YOU KILLED HARVEY GRAHAM!
YOU WON'T ESCAPE THE PENALTY FOR YOUR CRIME! YOUR DOOM IS SEALED, RICHARD WOLFE!
YOU TALK BRAVELY FOR A DOOMED MAN!
IN MY BUSINESS, I MUST TAKE PRECAUTIONS! ONE OF MY MEN IS IN THE NEXT ROOM-WITH A PISTOL AIMED AT YOUR HEART! I SIGNALED HIM THE MOMENT YOU ENTERED!
WHEN I SIGNAL HIM AGAIN-- YOU DIE!
LET'S SEE HOW HE CAN SHOOT IN THE DARK!
WHEW! PRETTY CLOSE! THAT GUY'S A DEAD SHOT, ALL RIGHT!

I'LL GET THE HANGMAN MYSELF!
THERE HE IS! HE'S OPENING THE DOOR!
AAAAAHH!
GOT HIM!
ROSA!
YOU CANNOT..ESCAPE! IT IS WRITTEN.. THAT YOU DIE! JUST AS THEY DIED.. SO.. MANY.. YEARS..AGO.
THAT'S YOUR LAST KILLING!
HANGMAN!
YOU'LL NEVER GET ME!
WANT TO BET ON THAT ?
YOU WEREN'T EXPECTING THAT, EH ?

I'VE BEATEN HIM! I'VE ESCAPED THE HANGMAN!
SUDDENLY...
IT'S GOT ME! HELP!
DOWN PLUNGES THE HEAVY ANCHOR CHAIN INTO THE WATER, CARRYING RICHARD WOLFE TO HIS DOOM-
HE'S DEAD! AND HE DIED AT THE END OF A NOOSE -- A NOOSE OF IRON CHAIN! HIS PROPHECY CAME TRUE!
SOMETIME LATER, OUTSIDE THELMA GORDON'S APARTMENT
WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?
I HAD A LITTLE QUARREL WITH MY GIRL! I SENT IN MY HAT AND A BOUQUET OF FLOWERS! IF MY HAT STAYS THERE, IT'S SAFE FOR ME TO GO IN
OOOOWWWW
SHE SENT BACK YOUR HAT!
AND THE FLOWERS TOO! ONLY SHE DIDN'T TAKE THEM OUT OF THE POT!

CORPSES DON'T WALK

By Lee Floren

JOE MANTON squeezed the trigger and the automatic kicked back against the palm of his hand. But there was no report; the silencer—and the roar of the storm outside—saw to that.

Manton looked down at the corpse. Old Jake Walker lay on his back, his blood already covering the splintery floor of the log cabin. His left arm was cramped under his thin body, the other was flung out. Manton's heart beat heavily.

The safe-door was still open. He shut it and then turned the dial until it was locked. The irony of this cut into him deeply. Old Walker was supposed to have had cash in that safe. Manton had made him open it.

But, the safe had been empty.

Then, old Walker had lunged for his gun, there on the table. And Manton had shot him through the brain. Manton tensed suddenly, his breathing suspended. He listened. Had he heard a footstep outside? No, there was only the blizzard, howling at the cabin's eaves.

He thought, *I gotta watch my nerves.*

He worked quickly, got old Walker's gun; it was the same caliber as his won. He placed it in Walker's hand, curled the fingers around its cold handle. He cast a brief glance around the cabin.

He had left no fingerprints because he had worn gloves. Because of the blizzard, nobody had seen him leave the town of Waterville, a half-mile away. Everything was okay; he would never be tied up with this murder.

He went outside.

The night was dark now, like the inside of a black barrel of tar. The snow spun in eddies covering his tracks behind him. It stung at his face with needle-sharpness. Despite the zero weather, his face felt hot, flushed. He needed a drink, a stiff drink. He went into the Diamond Bar saloon.

His fingers were trembling. Well, there was no blood on them. A booming voice broke into his thoughts.

"Hello, Manton."

Fear ripped through Manton. He'd know that voice anywhere. He turned his head slowly. Gradually his fear subsided. He'd have to keep himself from getting scared like this; nobody knew he'd murdered old Jake.

"Hello, Sheriff Carr."

"Have a drink, Manton?"

"Thanks."

The sheriff drank and then listened to the storm outside. "Hell of a night," he said.

Manton smiled. "Nice night for a murder," he poked.

"Things are quiet," said the sheriff.

Manton's nerves quieted then. He wished he hadn't made that crack about "murder," but evidently Carr paid it no attention.

"Heard your dad was sick," he said.

"He is," said Manton.

"That's too bad."

Manton said nothing. Carr knew how things set between him and his father. Then Manton felt an urge to talk. This silent manner of the law-man was irritating.

"He hasn't sent for me, sheriff, and I don't suppose he will."

"You maybe ought to go see him."

Manton shook his head. "No. He kicked me out. He said I was no good an' he wanted to forget me. I've worked here for six months, worked with my hands for a damn small bit of money. If he knew I was working in his mine, he'd probably get me canned."

"Too bad, Manton."

Next morning he went down with the rest of the miners in the bucket. He listened but nobody mentioned old Jake. That meant, then, that nobody had found Jake's body. Manton thought of fleeing, but he wiped that plan aside. That would cast suspicion in his direction. He'd stay, bluff it through.

Nobody mentioned old Jake.

He worked the shift, came up. The wind had died now but the snow lay thick. It crunched beneath his boots. He met Sheriff Carr in front of the General Store. His heart quickened. Then he held his emotions tightly.

"Cold day," he said.

"You were lucky. You were underground all day; down there it's warm. Us poor mortals up here had to suffer in the cold."

Manton laughed. "But you ain't got no callouses on your hands, sheriff."

"How's your dad?"

"I don't know," Manton said. He added, "And I don't care."

Carr nodded.

Manton went down the street. He wondered if Carr were watching him? He wanted to look back to see but he decided against it. He went into the saloon.

My God! he thought.

For there was a man drinking at the bar. A lanky thin man who wore a dirty mackinaw and boots and heavy woolen pants. But Manton wasn't interested in his clothes. The man's face was what sent horror through him. For the man was old Jake!

No, no he thought, *No, no. . . .*

But it was Jake! Or was it? No, it wasn't. Manton relaxed. This man's face was a little different than Jake's. A little fuller and the whiskers— The man looked at Manton and Manton's breath froze again. Then sanity returned. It couldn't be Jake—Jake was dead!

No, it wasn't Jake.

"What'll it be, Manton?" asked the bartender.

Manton turned, suddenly. He collected his nerves. "Bourbon," he said huskily.

The bartender said, "You look sick, fella."

"Don't feel well," said Manton.

He tossed off his drink, and left. Outside in the dark, he stood beside a building. His heart beat until he could hear it.

Dead men don't walk, he thought.

But don't they? Maybe they come back—Manton knew that was foolish thinking. Then the man left the saloon. The light of the building fell against him. And again Manton felt terror rip through him.

No, it couldn't be—it couldn't.

But it could be! Maybe he had just wounded old Jake. Maybe Jake had come to and washed his face and put on his cap— But then, Jake would have recognized him, back there in the saloon, and this man hadn't.

Then another thought came. Old Jake hadn't come to work today and yet nobody was talking about why he hadn't showed up. Maybe he hadn't died! Maybe he'd just told somebody he was sick and wasn't going to work. Maybe Jake had decided to stalk him and kill him. . . .

Manton watched

The man crossed the street to Sheriff Carr's office. There was a lamp lighted there but evidently Carr was not in because the man came out. Manton heard him speak to a woman who happened to be passing

"Where's Sheriff Carr?"

"Up at the depot."

The man went that way. Soon he and Carr came back, talking. Then Carr called to a passerby.

"Mike, seen Joe Manton?"

"Just saw him in front of the hardware store."

"I'm looking for him," said Carr.

Again terror knifed through Manton. Carr was looking for him! There was something here he didn't quite understand. Carr had no reason to be looking for him. Or had he? Did Carr knew he had killed old Jake?

Carr saw him then. "Oh, Manton."

Fear gripped Manton. Fear turned his feet and sent him hurrying through the snow He'd have to get away! Carr and this man—this man who looked like Jake—or was he old Jake? The night swallowed Manton.

Carr said, "Now what's ailing him?"

"Let's go to the cabin," said the man.

Manton was fleeing through the night. He was along the creek. He tripped over a root, and went down. He got up, wallowing in the snow His hand was on his gun. He didn't know where he was at first. Then ahead, he saw the outlines of old Jake's cabin.

Many thoughts went through him. He had to get out, but he'd settle this thing—he'd go see if Jake was dead. Manton pushed into the cabin. The place was inky dark. It was cold, too.

Fingers trembling, he lighted a match. The light flared, lighted the cabin momentarily, then died suddenly. The interval of light had been so brief he had seen nothing of importance. He had one more match. He touched it to the lamp.

The yellow rays shot out. He stared at the floor. His fear subsided then. For there lay old Jake just as he had left him. One arm crooked under him, the other holding the gun.

Then, he heard the men outside. They were coming toward the cabin. He couldn't go out the door. Desperately, he looked for a window. There was one but it was on the same side of the room as the door. He was trapped!

Carr came in first. Manton's bullet ripped into the sheriff's shoulder

Behind Carr was the man—the man who looked like old Jake. Manton shot at him and missed, and then Carr had his gun out. Manton saw the flare but he never heard the report. He died too fast

Carr said, "He broke my shoulder."

"What is this all about?" the man asked.

"Search me," said Carr. "There's your brother, fellow. He's dead" Carr knelt beside old Jake. "He's committed suicide."

The man frowned. "Now why did he kill himself?"

"Funny old duck," said Carr. "Threatened a number of times to kill himself. You came too late to see your brother alive, fellow. But what's Manton doing here? And why did he shoot at me?"

"What did you want to see him about?"

"Quite a ong story," said Carr slowly "His father is rich, he owns the mines here. He owns mines all over the West. His father died a few hours ago I was just coming from the depot with the telegram when I met you. You see, I wanted to notify Manton that his father had left him his entire fortune. . "

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933 of PEP COMICS, published monthly except June and November at St. Louis, Mo., for October 1, 1943

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and County aforesaid personally appeared Louis H Silberkleit, who having been duly sworn according to law deposes and says that he is the Publisher of the PEP COMICS and that the following is to the best of his knowledge and belief a true statement of the ownership management (and if a daily paper, the circulation) etc of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912 as amended by the Act of March 3 1933, embodied in section 537 Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit

1 That the names and addresses of the publisher editor managing editor and business managers are Publisher Louis H Silberkleit 160 West Broadway New York City Editor, Harry Shorten, 160 West Broadway New York City. Managing Editor John L. Goldwater, 160 West Broadway New York City Business Manager, Louis H. Silberkleit, 160 West Broadway, New York City

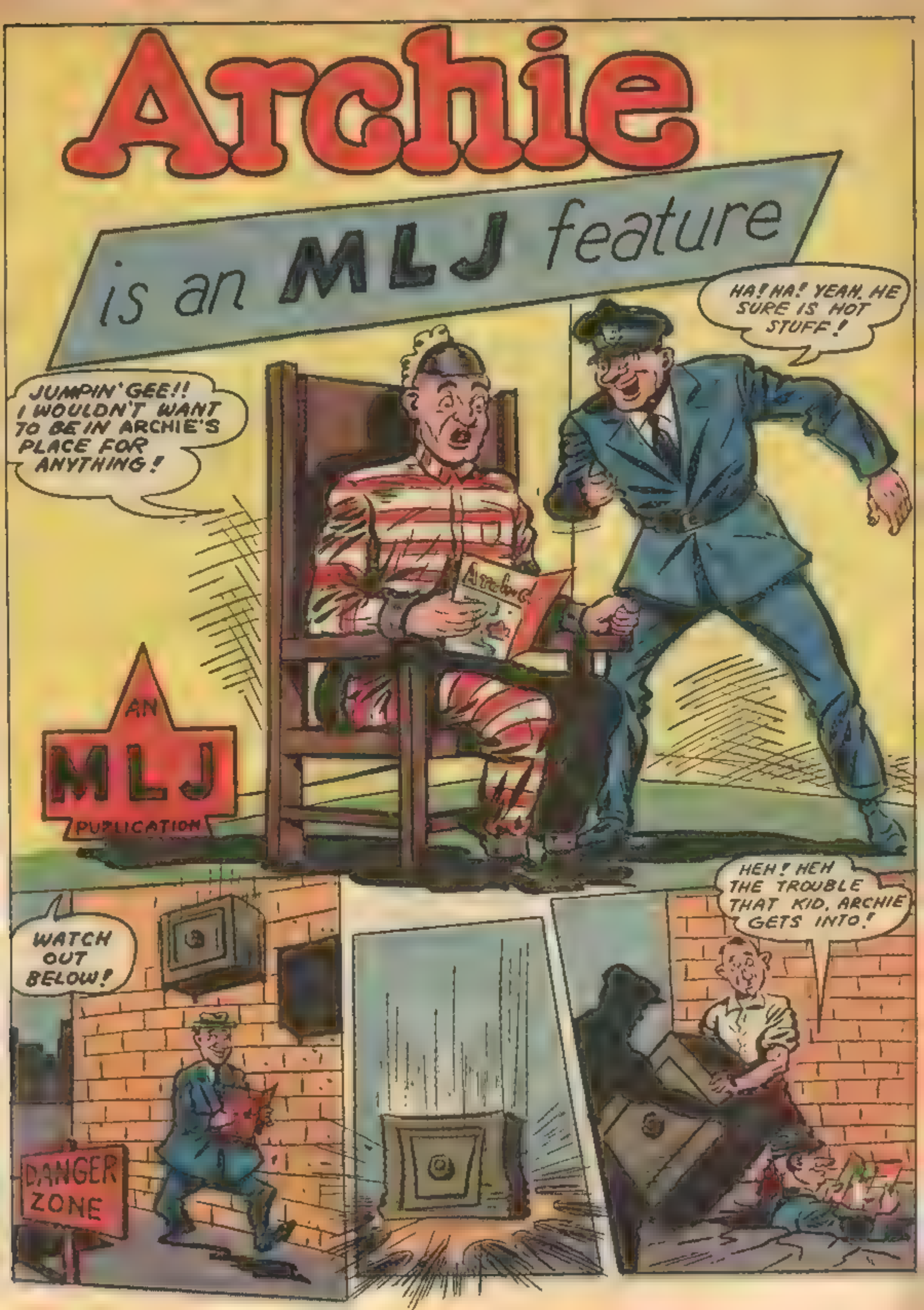
2. That the owner is (If owned by a corporation its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm company or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) M L S Magazines (Partnership) 160 West Broadway, New York City; Louis H. Silberkleit, 160 West Broadway, New York City; John L. Goldwater 160 West Broadway New York City Maurice Coyne, 160 West Broadway New York City

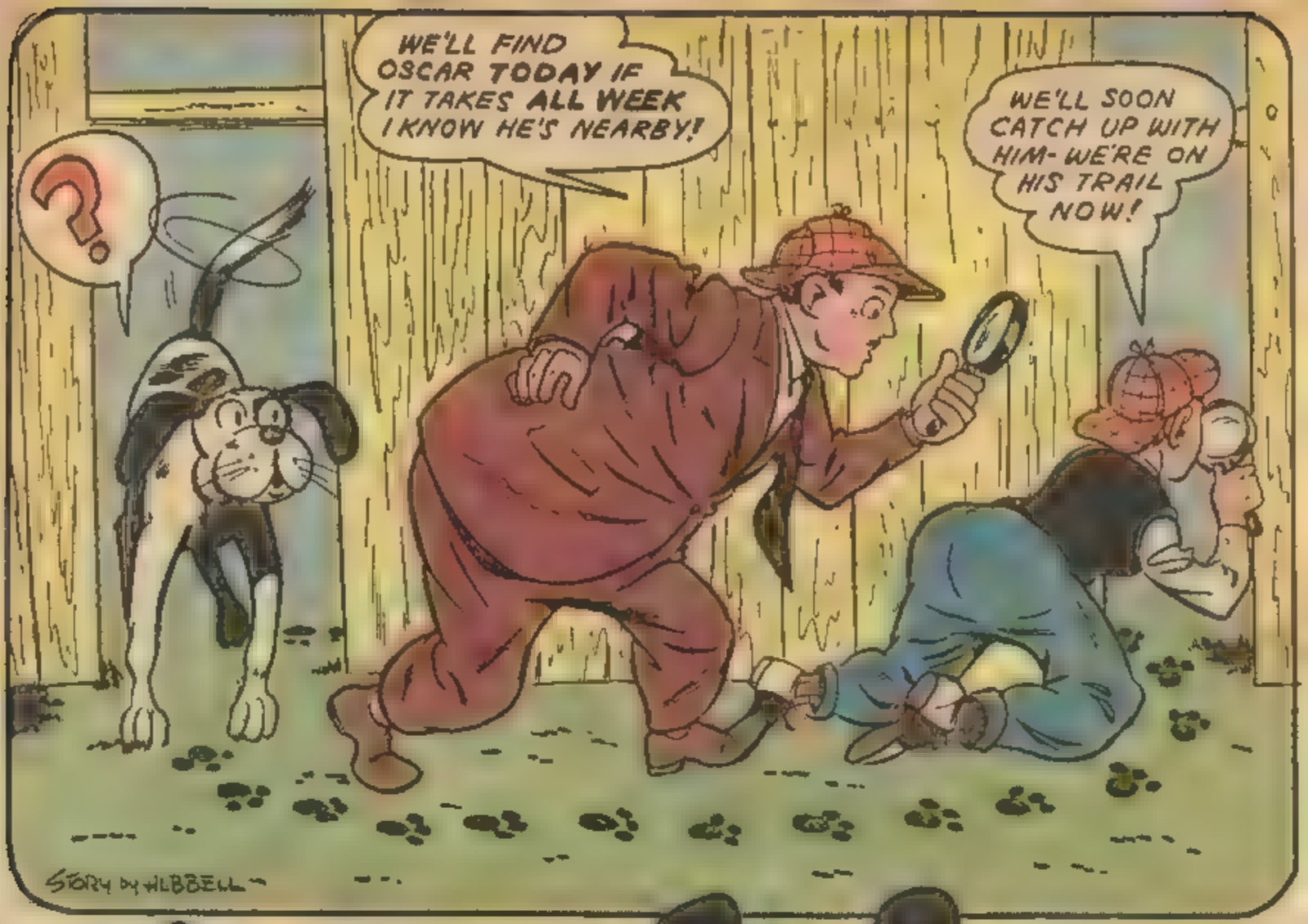
3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are (If there are none, so state.) None

4 That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting is given, also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner, and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him

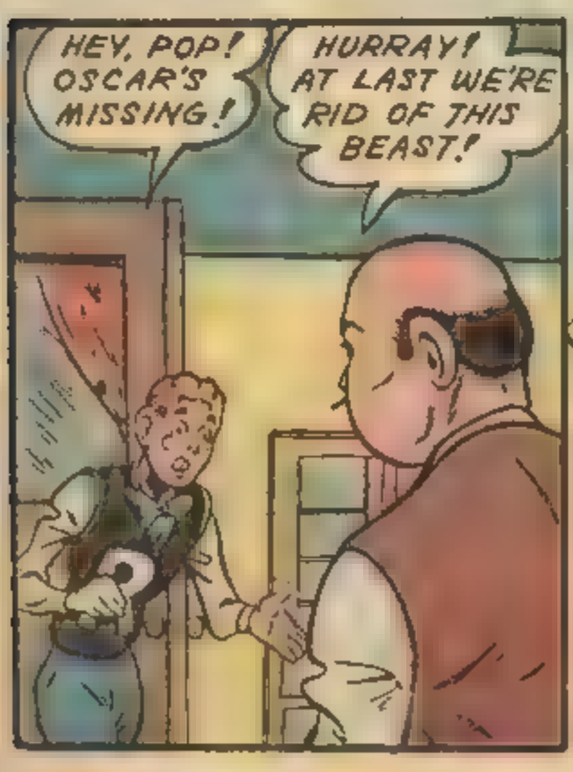
LOUIS H. SILBERKLEIT Publisher

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1943
MAURICE COYNE, Notary Public (My commission expires March 30 1944.)

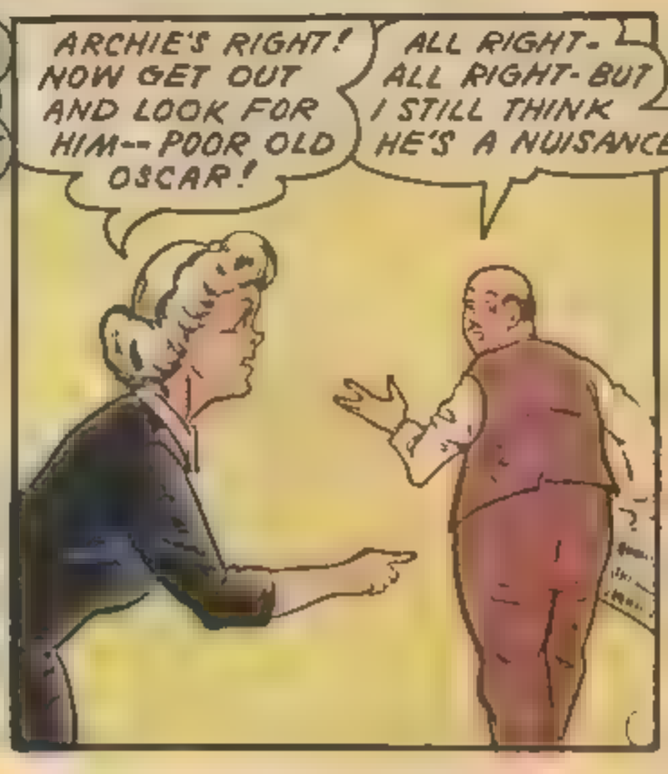

Archie
is an MLJ feature
HA! HA! YEAH, HE SURE IS HOT STUFF!
JUMPIN' GEE!! I WOULDN'T WANT TO BE IN ARCHIE'S PLACE FOR ANYTHING!
AN MLJ PUBLICATION
WATCH OUT BELOW!
DANGER ZONE
HEH! HEH THE TROUBLE THAT KID, ARCHIE GETS INTO!

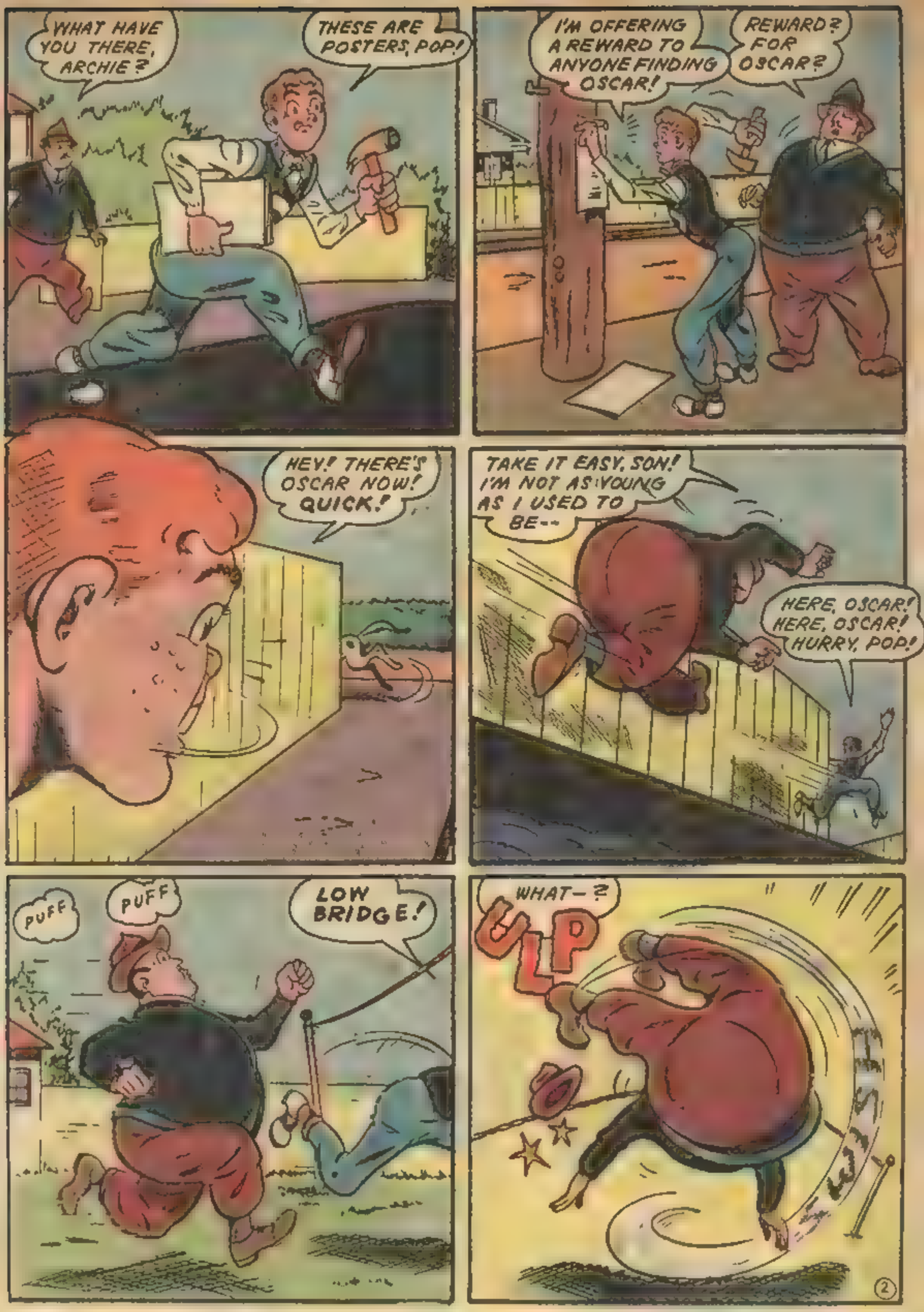

WE'LL FIND OSCAR TODAY IF IT TAKES ALL WEEK I KNOW HE'S NEARBY!
WE'LL SOON CATCH UP WITH HIM- WE'RE ON HIS TRAIL NOW!
?
STORY BY HLBBELL

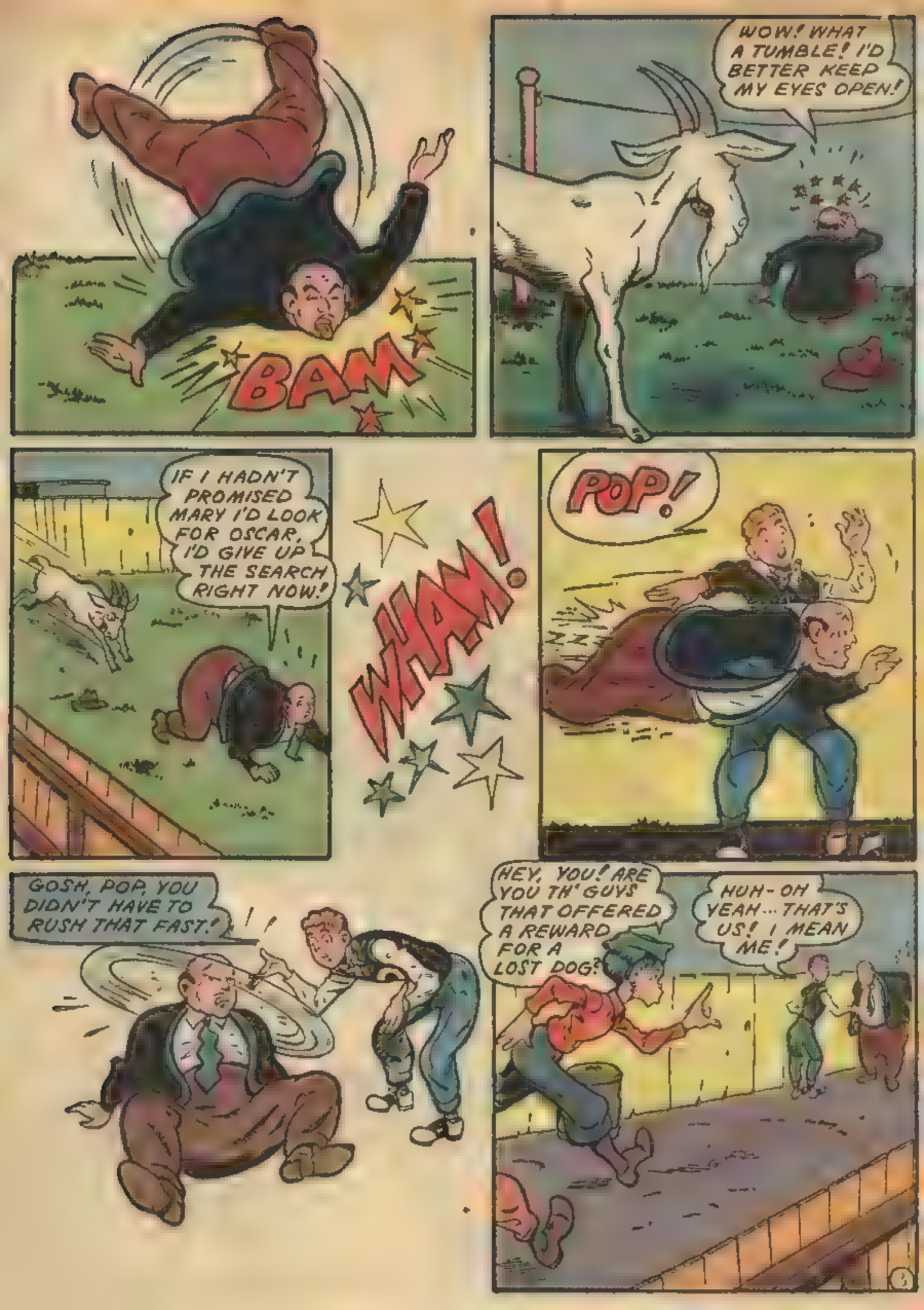
Archie

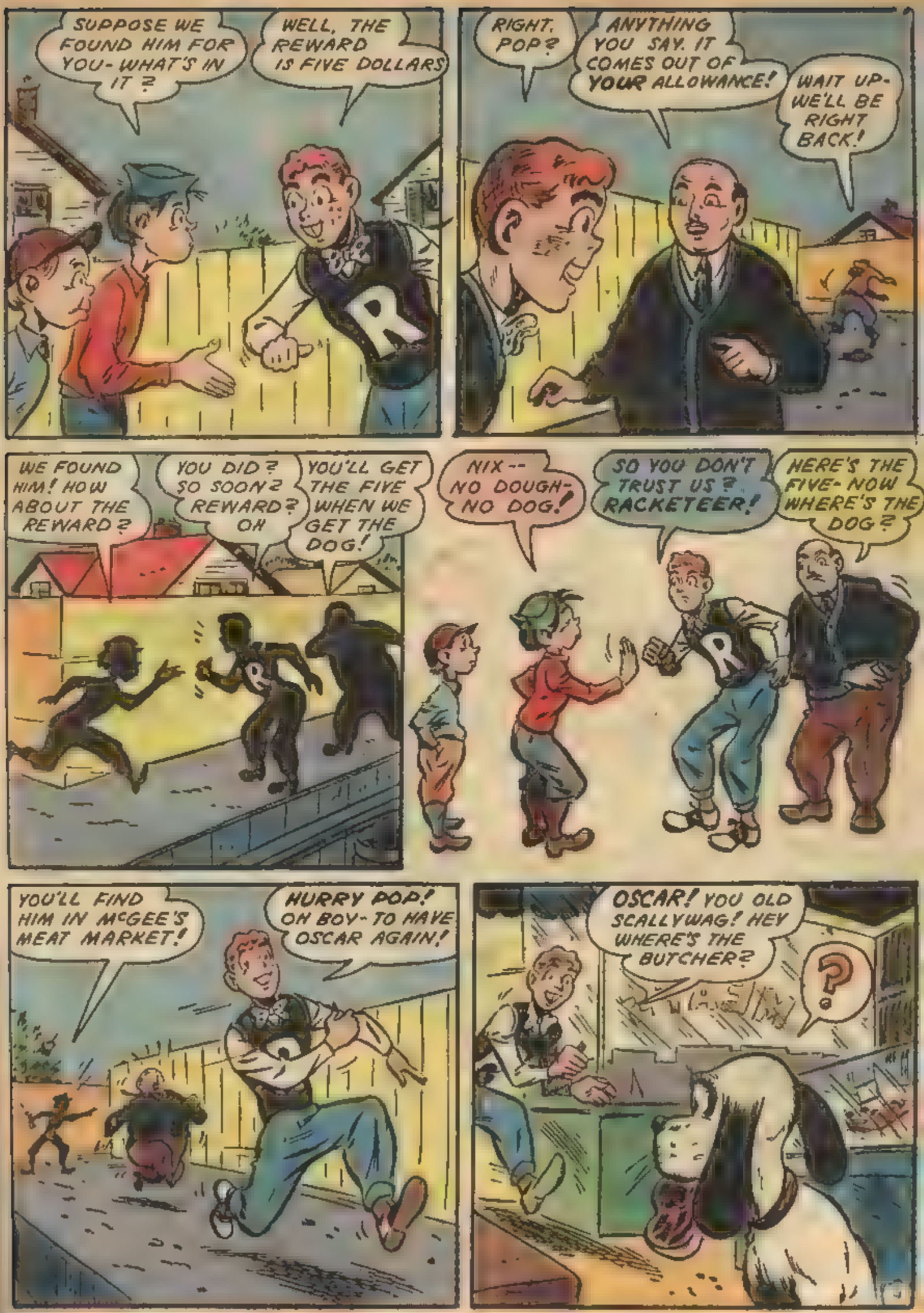

HEY, POP! OSCAR'S MISSING!
HURRAY! AT LAST WE'RE RID OF THIS BEAST!

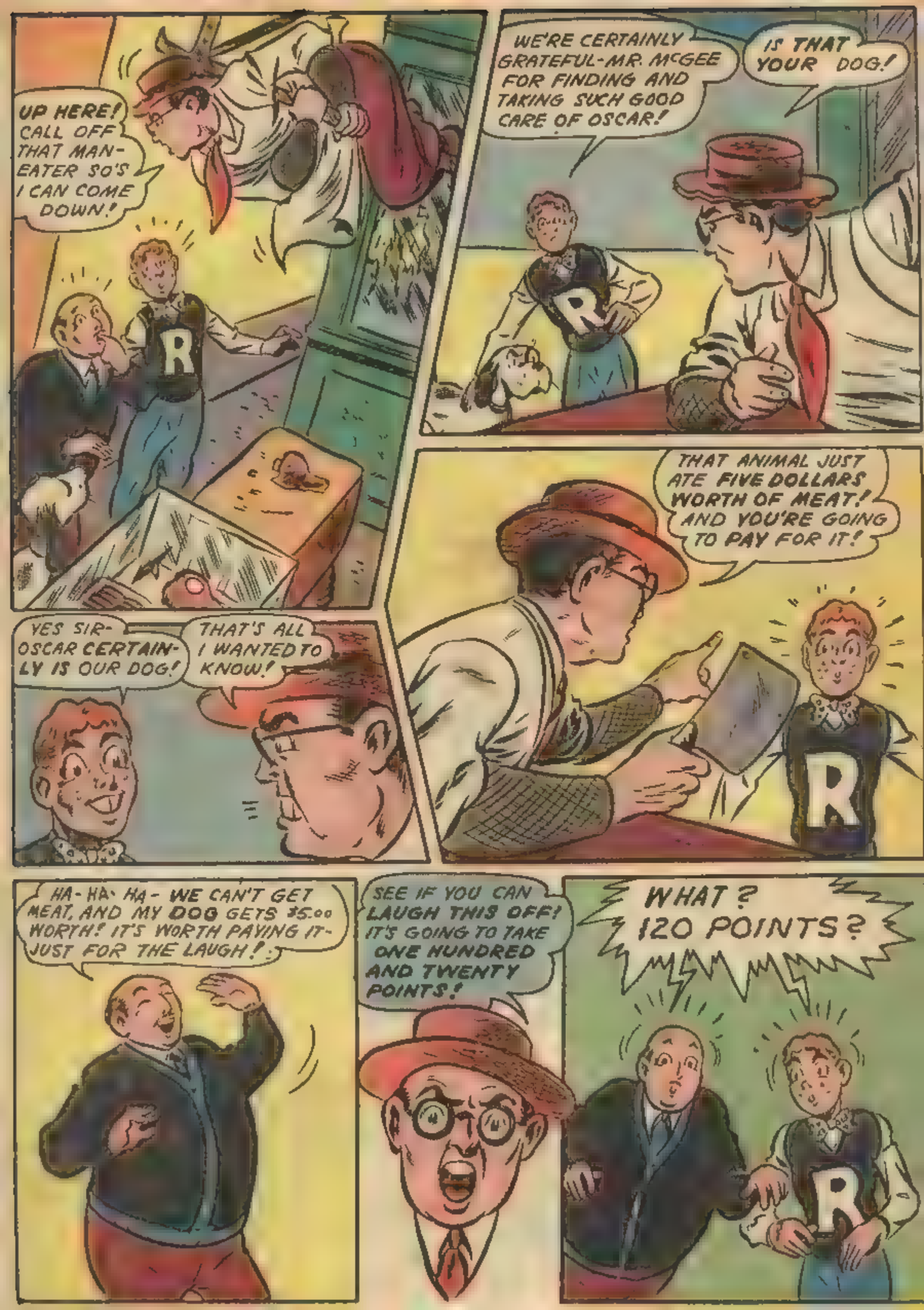
AW GEE- HE MIGHT BE STARVING AND COLD -- AFTER ALL HE'S LIKE ONE OF THE FAMILY!


ARCHIE'S RIGHT! NOW GET OUT AND LOOK FOR HIM -- POOR OLD OSCAR!
ALL RIGHT- ALL RIGHT- BUT I STILL THINK HE'S A NUISANCE


WHAT HAVE YOU THERE, ARCHIE?
THESE ARE POSTERS, POP!
I'M OFFERING A REWARD TO ANYONE FINDING OSCAR!
REWARD? FOR OSCAR?
HEY! THERE'S OSCAR NOW! QUICK!
TAKE IT EASY, SON! I'M NOT AS YOUNG AS I USED TO BE--
HERE, OSCAR! HERE, OSCAR! HURRY, POP!
PUFF
PUFF
LOW BRIDGE!
WHAT--?
ULP
2


BAM
WOW! WHAT A TUMBLE! I'D BETTER KEEP MY EYES OPEN!
IF I HADN'T PROMISED MARY I'D LOOK FOR OSCAR, I'D GIVE UP THE SEARCH RIGHT NOW!
WHAM!
POP!
GOSH, POP, YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO RUSH THAT FAST!
HEY, YOU! ARE YOU TH' GUYS THAT OFFERED A REWARD FOR A LOST DOG?
HUH - OH YEAH... THAT'S US! I MEAN ME!


SUPPOSE WE FOUND HIM FOR YOU- WHAT'S IN IT ?
WELL, THE REWARD IS FIVE DOLLARS
R
RIGHT, POP?
ANYTHING YOU SAY. IT COMES OUT OF YOUR ALLOWANCE!
WAIT UP- WE'LL BE RIGHT BACK!
WE FOUND HIM! HOW ABOUT THE REWARD ?
YOU DID? SO SOON? REWARD? OH
YOU'LL GET THE FIVE WHEN WE GET THE DOG!
NIX -- NO DOUGH- NO DOG!
SO YOU DON'T TRUST US? RACKETEER!
HERE'S THE FIVE- NOW WHERE'S THE DOG?
R
YOU'LL FIND HIM IN McGEE'S MEAT MARKET!
HURRY POP! OH BOY- TO HAVE OSCAR AGAIN!
OSCAR! YOU OLD SCALLYWAG! HEY WHERE'S THE BUTCHER?
?

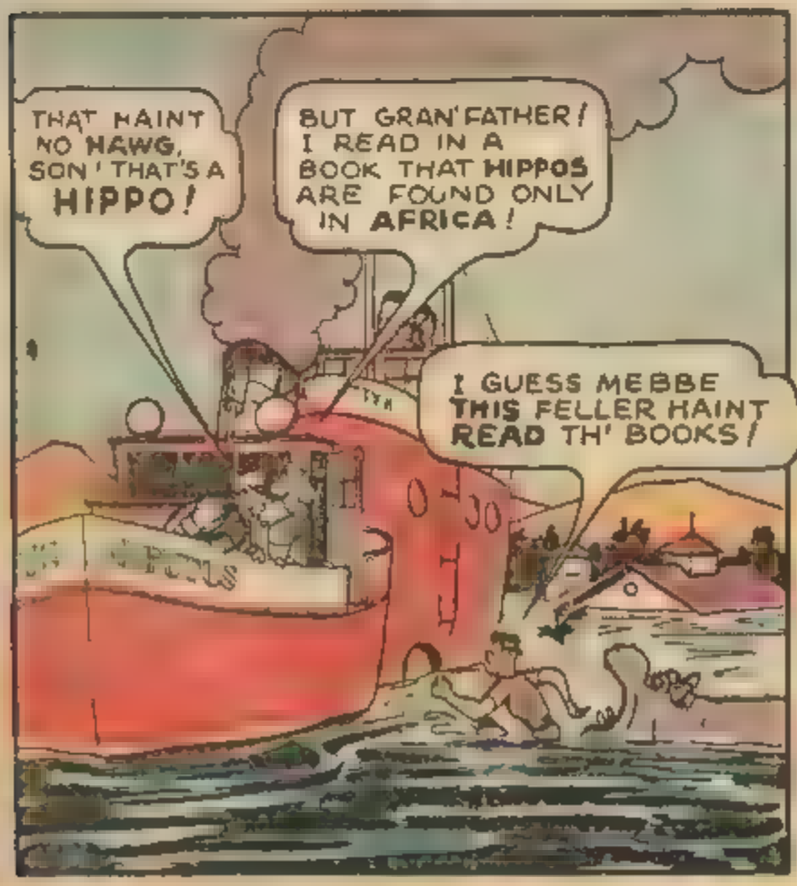

UP HERE! CALL OFF THAT MAN-EATER SO'S I CAN COME DOWN!
R
WE'RE CERTAINLY GRATEFUL-MR. McGEE FOR FINDING AND TAKING SUCH GOOD CARE OF OSCAR!
IS THAT YOUR DOG!
R
THAT ANIMAL JUST ATE FIVE DOLLARS WORTH OF MEAT! AND YOU'RE GOING TO PAY FOR IT!
R
YES SIR- OSCAR CERTAINLY IS OUR DOG!
THAT'S ALL I WANTED TO KNOW!
HA-HA-HA- WE CAN'T GET MEAT, AND MY DOG GETS $5.00 WORTH! IT'S WORTH PAYING IT- JUST FOR THE LAUGH!
SEE IF YOU CAN LAUGH THIS OFF! IT'S GOING TO TAKE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY POINTS!
WHAT? 120 POINTS?
R

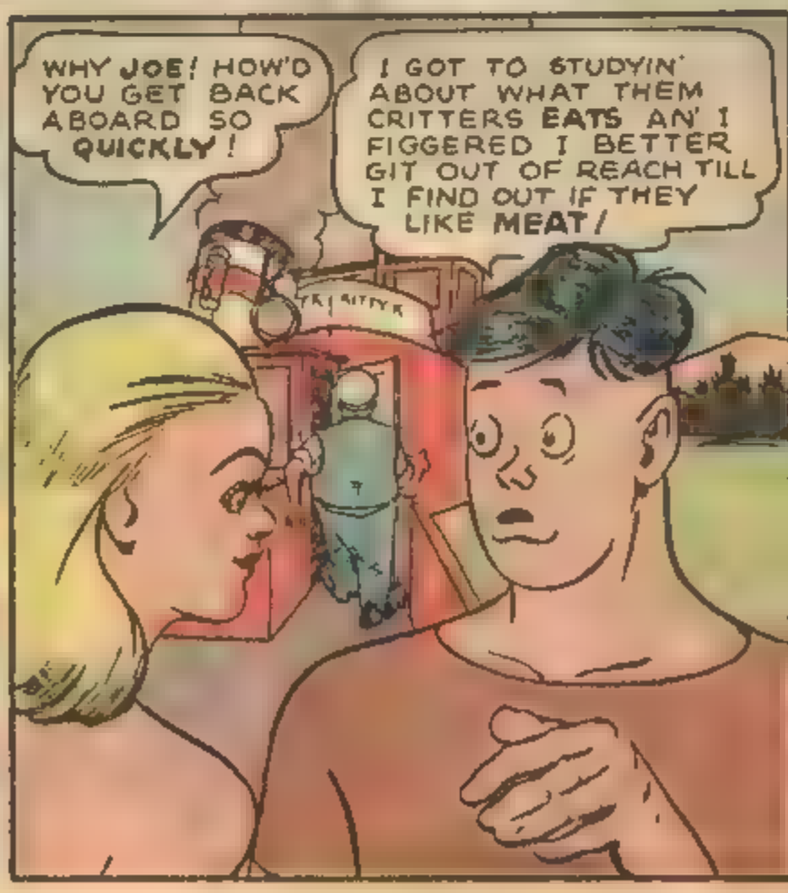
HELLO, MARY- WILL YOU BRING ALL OUR RATION BOOKS TO McGEES MARKET AND HURRY!
ALL OF THEM? WHY FRED, WHAT'S HAPPENED?
LATER-
-119-
-120! THERE! THAT'S ALL OF THEM!
THEIR RATION BOOKS
FRED ANDREWS
MARY ANDREWS
ARCHIE ANDREWS
3 WEEKS LATER-
HELLO, FOLKS! WHAT'S COOKING?
HELLO, JUGHEAD. WON'T YOU HAVE SOME SPAGHETTI? WE'VE LOTS OF IT!
NO THANKS, MRS. ANDREWS. I'M FILLED! WE'VE JUST FINISHED A NICE ROAST BEEF! YESTERDAY WE HAD A DELICIOUS HAM! THE DAY BEFORE WE HAD..
!?!
NOW WHAT'S EATIN' THEM? ? ? ?

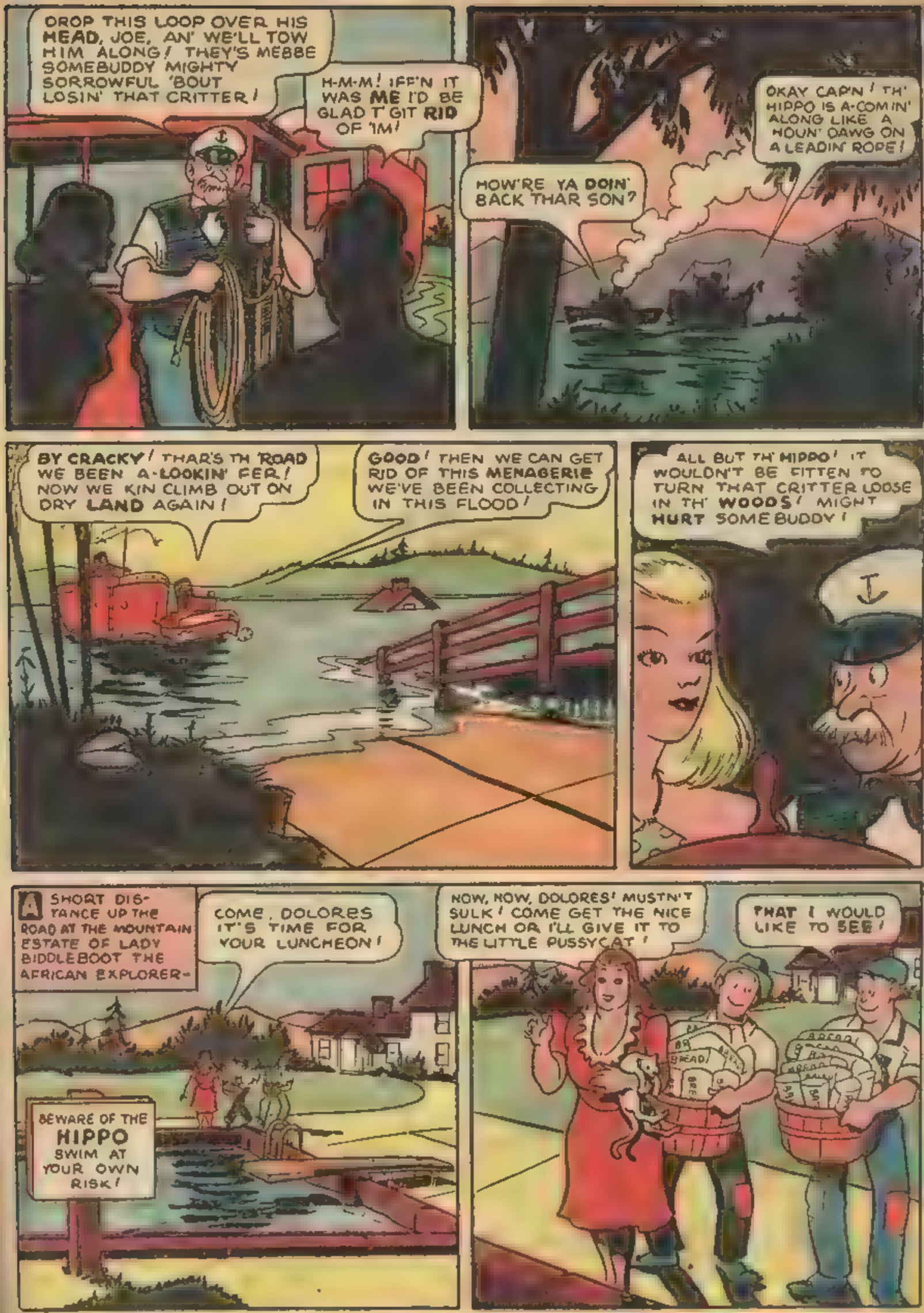
Catfish Joe

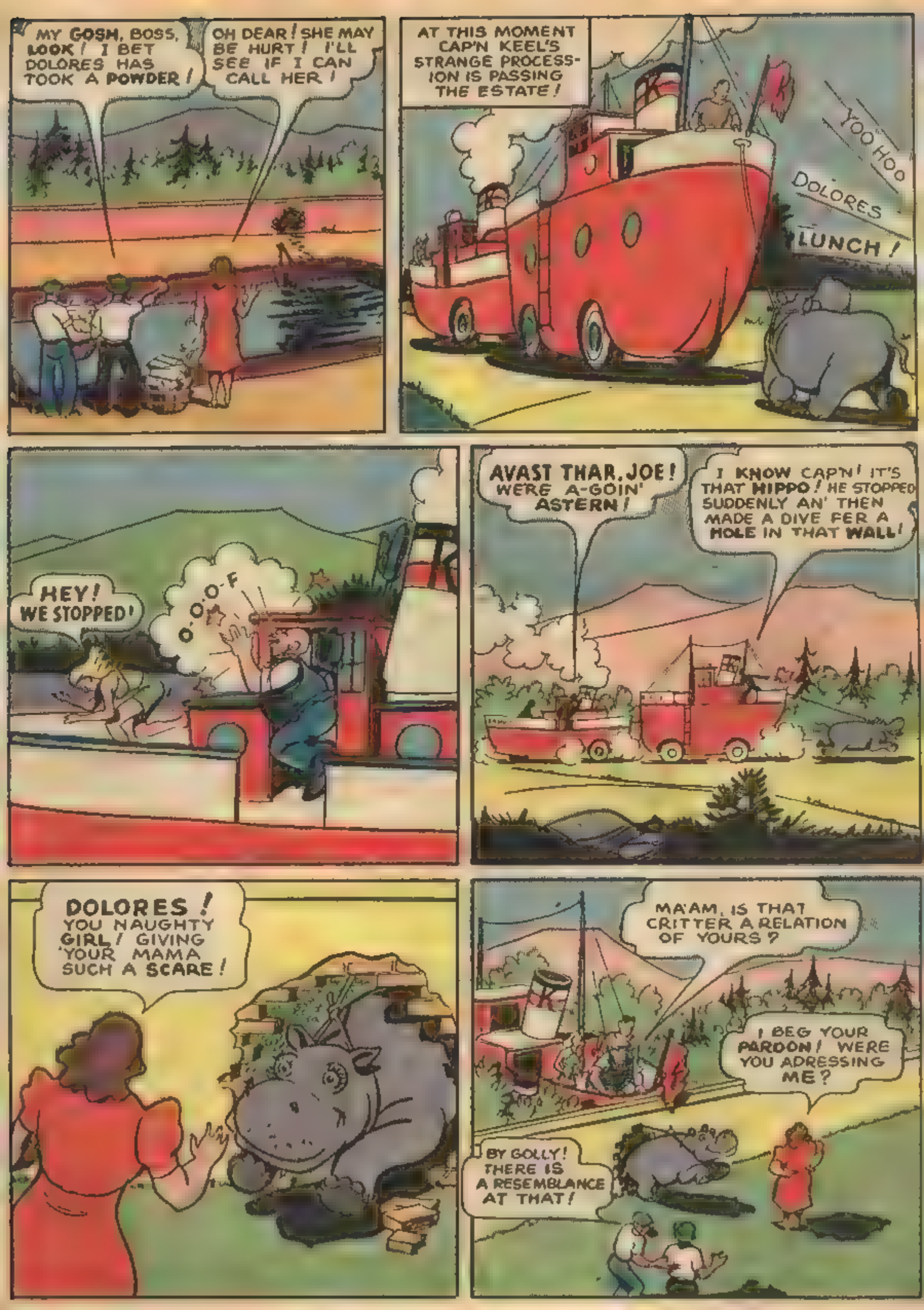
By Larry Harris

YOU REMEMBER JOE WAS ABOARD CAP'N KEELS LANDGOIN' TUGBOAT WHEN THEY RAN INTO A FLOOD. THEY RESCUED SEVERAL ANIMALS FROM THE WATER AND THEN JOE SAW A PAIR OF EARS STICKING OUT OF THE WATER AND THOUGHT HE HAD FOUND ANOTHER PIG BUT —
GOSH! I AINT NEVER SEEN NO HAWG WITH A FACE LIKE THAT!


THAT HAINT NO HAWG, SON! THAT'S A HIPPO!
BUT GRAN'FATHER! I READ IN A BOOK THAT HIPPOS ARE FOUND ONLY IN AFRICA!
I GUESS MEBBE THIS FELLER HAINT READ TH' BOOKS!


WHY JOE! HOW'D YOU GET BACK ABOARD SO QUICKLY!
I GOT TO STUDYIN' ABOUT WHAT THEM CRITTERS EATS AN' I FIGGERED I BETTER GIT OUT OF REACH TILL I FIND OUT IF THEY LIKE MEAT!

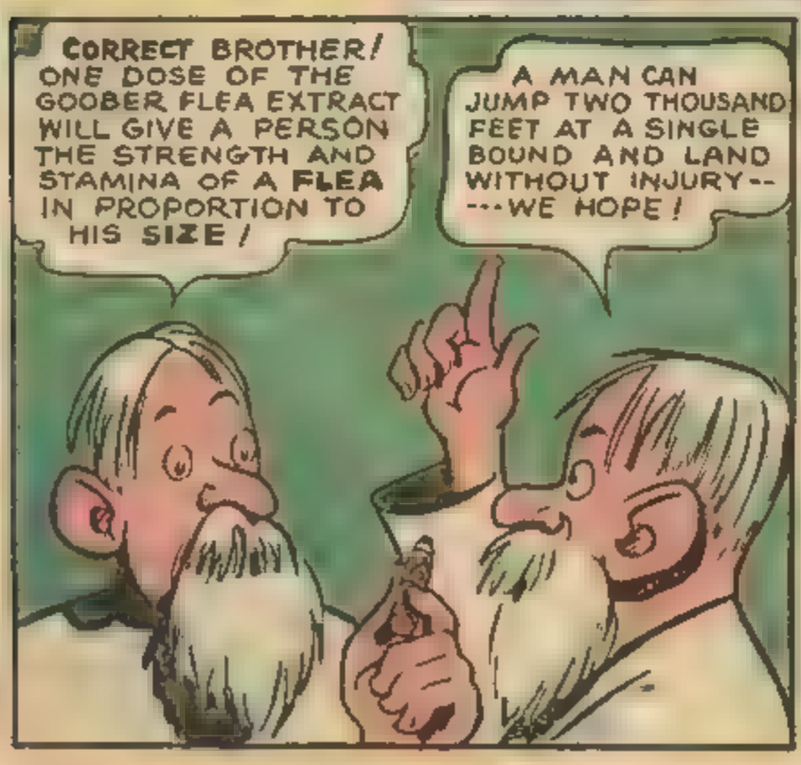

DROP THIS LOOP OVER HIS HEAD, JOE, AN' WE'LL TOW HIM ALONG! THEY'S MEBBE SOMEBUDDY MIGHTY SORROWFUL 'BOUT LOSIN' THAT CRITTER!
H-M-M! IFF'N IT WAS ME I'D BE GLAD T' GIT RID OF 'IM!
OKAY CAP'N! TH' HIPPO IS A-COMIN' ALONG LIKE A HOUN' DAWG ON A LEADIN' ROPE!
HOW'RE YA DOIN' BACK THAR SON?
BY CRACKY! THAR'S TH' ROAD WE BEEN A-LOOKIN' FER! NOW WE KIN CLIMB OUT ON DRY LAND AGAIN!
GOOD! THEN WE CAN GET RID OF THIS MENAGERIE WE'VE BEEN COLLECTING IN THIS FLOOD!
ALL BUT TH' HIPPO! IT WOULDN'T BE FITTEN TO TURN THAT CRITTER LOOSE IN TH' WOODS! MIGHT HURT SOMEBUDDY!
A SHORT DISTANCE UP THE ROAD AT THE MOUNTAIN ESTATE OF LADY BIDDLEBOOT THE AFRICAN EXPLORER-
COME, DOLORES IT'S TIME FOR YOUR LUNCHEON!
BEWARE OF THE HIPPO SWIM AT YOUR OWN RISK!
NOW, NOW, DOLORES! MUSTN'T SULK! COME GET THE NICE LUNCH OR I'LL GIVE IT TO THE LITTLE PUSSYCAT!
THAT I WOULD LIKE TO SEE!


MY GOSH, BOSS, LOOK! I BET DOLORES HAS TOOK A POWDER!
OH DEAR! SHE MAY BE HURT! I'LL SEE IF I CAN CALL HER!
AT THIS MOMENT CAP'N KEEL'S STRANGE PROCESSION IS PASSING THE ESTATE!
YOO HOO DOLORES
LUNCH!
HEY! WE STOPPED!
O-O-O-F
AVAST THAR, JOE! WE'RE A-GOIN' ASTERN!
I KNOW CAP'N! IT'S THAT HIPPO! HE STOPPED SUDDENLY AN' THEN MADE A DIVE FER A HOLE IN THAT WALL!
DOLORES! YOU NAUGHTY GIRL! GIVING YOUR MAMA SUCH A SCARE!
MA'AM, IS THAT CRITTER A RELATION OF YOURS?
I BEG YOUR PARDON! WERE YOU ADRESSING ME?
BY GOLLY! THERE IS A RESEMBLANCE AT THAT!

YOU'VE GOT A ROPE ON DOLORES! YOU WERE TRYING TO STEAL MY DARLING!
NO, LADY, SHE WAS TRYIN' T' STEAL US!
AN' IF YOU'LL JES' BE SO KIND AS TO CAST OFF THAT LINE WE'LL BE A-LEAVIN' YOU AN' YORE DARLIN' FER EVER!
LATER
GRAN'FATHER I THINK THAT POLICEMAN WANTS US TO STOP!
SORRY, SKIPPER, BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO CHANGE YOUR COURSE! THERE'S BEEN A WASHOUT UP AHEAD!
MISTER, DOES THAT ROAD GO IN TH' DIRECTION OF MUDCAT, MISSISSIPPI?
DETOUR
DANGER ROAD
MISSISSIPPI? NO, THAT'S OVER TH' MOUNTAIN IN THE OTHER DIRECTION! BUT IT'S A NARROW CROOKED TRAIL! YOU'D NEVER GET OVER IT WITH THAT RIG!
DANGER ROAD
CAP'N I RECKON WE'LL HAFFTA LEAVE YO HERE! ME AN' GABBY AIM T' TAKE TH' SHORTEST ROAD TO MUDCAT!
WE'LL BE SORRY TO SEE YA SHOVE OFF, SON!
BETTER BE CAREFUL, BUD! THERE'S A STORM COMIN' UP AN IT'LL BE DARK B'FORE LONG! THAT TRAIL CAN BE PRETTY DANGEROUS AT NIGHT!
I'LL BE OKAY! I SHORE 'PRECIATE YOU FOLKS GIVIN' ME A LIFT!
GOOD-BYE, JOE
LOOK AT THAT LIGHTNIN', GABBY! RECKON THAT FELLER WAS RIGHT ABOUT TH' STORM! AN' IT'S A'STARTIN' T' GIT DARK TOO!

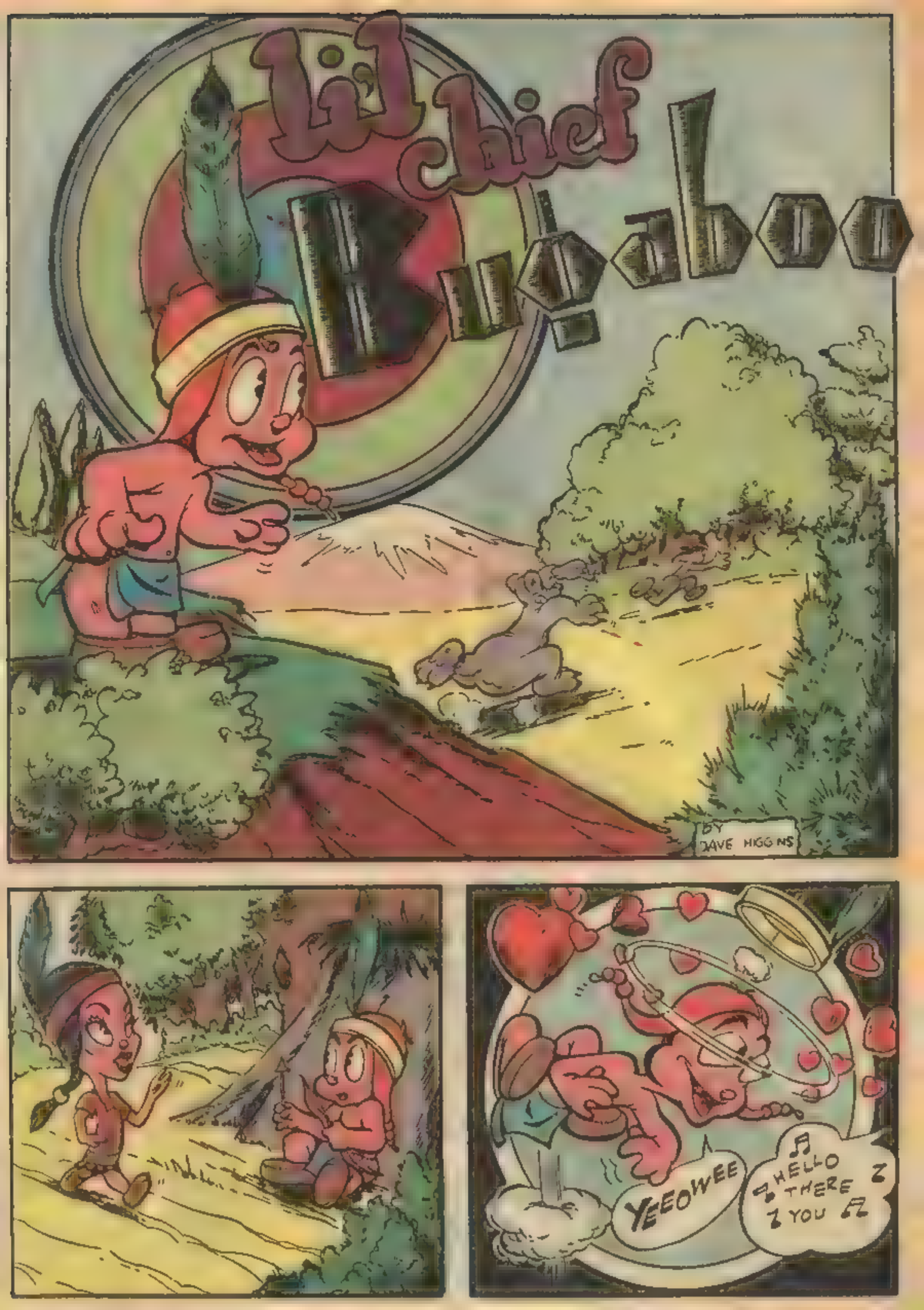
HURRYING AHEAD OF JOE WE TAKE A PEEK INSIDE THIS MYSTERIOUS LOOKING PLACE AND MEET THE INFAMOUS GOOBER TWINS— FUDDY AND DUDDY! THESE BRILLIANT SCIENTISTS HAVE JUST COMPLETED ANOTHER OF THE WEIRD EXPERIMENTS THAT HAVE GIVEN THEM THEIR UNUSUAL REPUTATION!

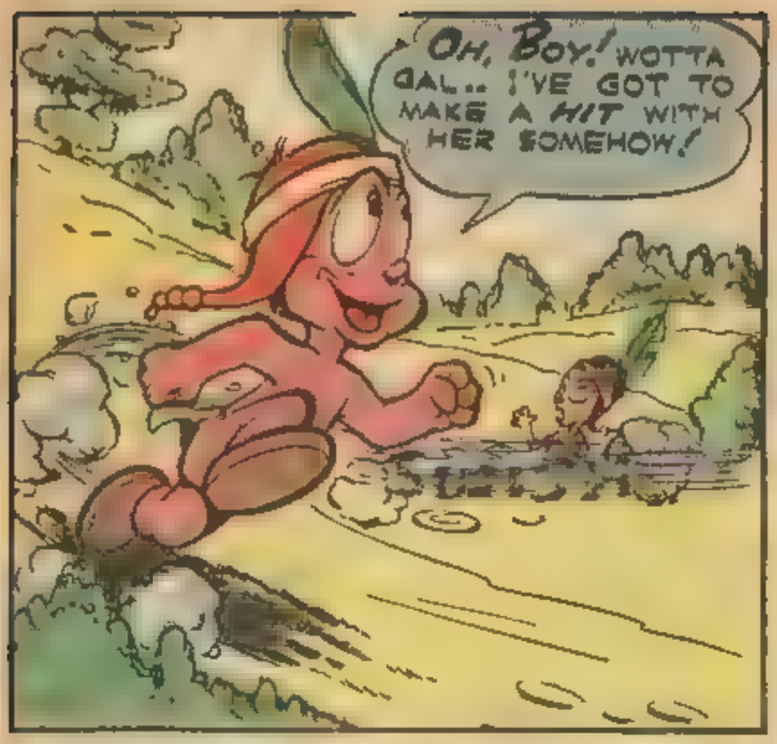
IT IS FINISHED, BROTHER FUDDY! THE GOOBERS HAVE DONE IT AGAIN!
A REMARKABLE ACHIEVEMENT, BROTHER DUDDY! THE GOOBER FLEA EXTRACT HAS BEEN PERFECTED!

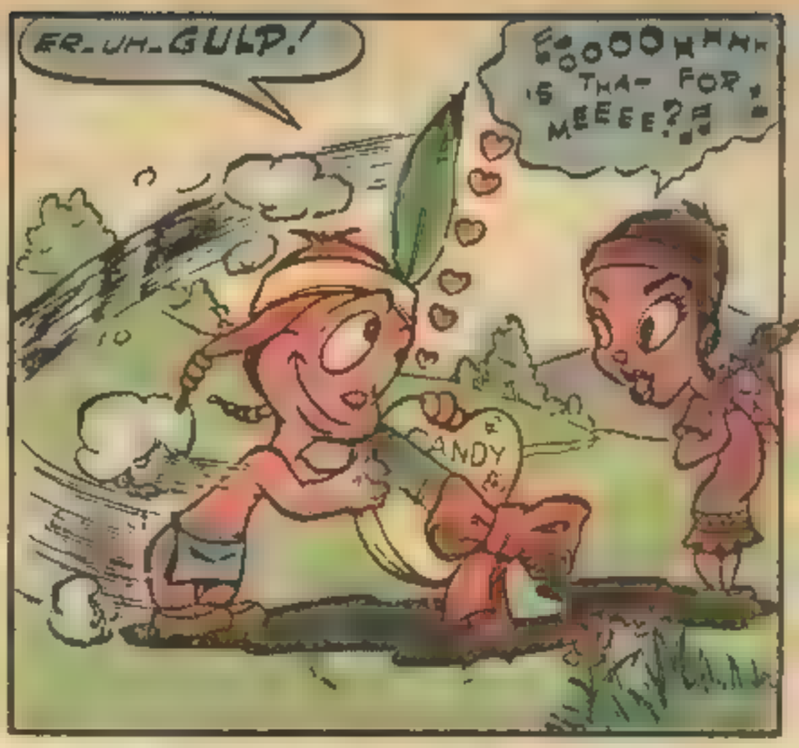

CORRECT BROTHER! ONE DOSE OF THE GOOBER FLEA EXTRACT WILL GIVE A PERSON THE STRENGTH AND STAMINA OF A FLEA IN PROPORTION TO HIS SIZE!
A MAN CAN JUMP TWO THOUSAND FEET AT A SINGLE BOUND AND LAND WITHOUT INJURY--- ---WE HOPE!

AND YOU, MY DEAR BROTHER, SHALL BE THE FIRST TO TEST THE REMARKABLE POWER OF OUR ASTOUNDING DISCOVERY!
OH NO, BROTHER DUDDY, THAT HONOR MUST BE YOURS!

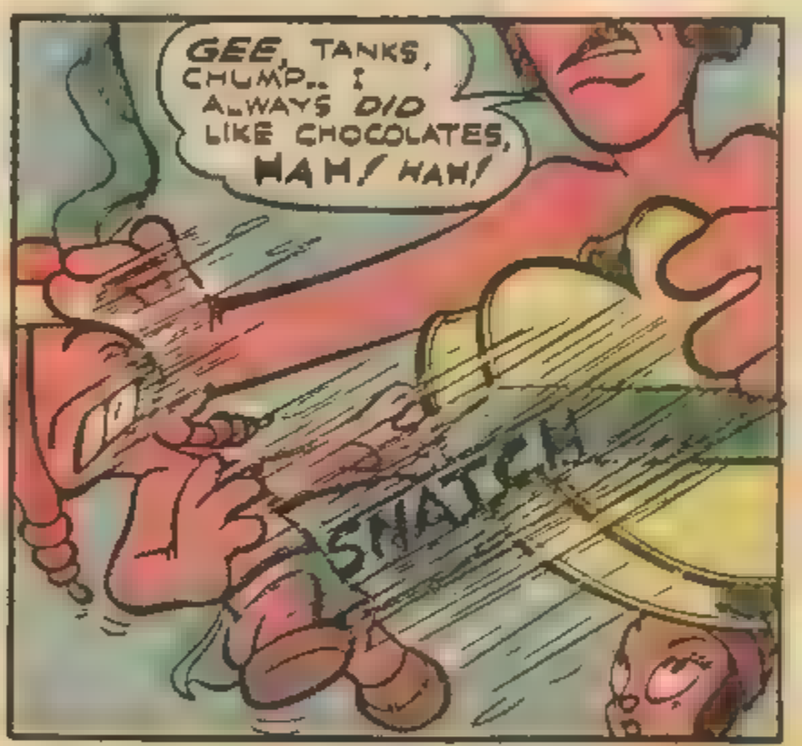
I INSIST, BROTHER FUDDY, YOU MUST HAVE THE PRIVILEGE OF BEING FIRST!
NO, BROTHER DUDDY! IT'S YOUR TURN TO BE FIRST!
YOU FORGET THAT I TESTED THAT BAT EXTRACT WE MADE AND SPENT A MISERABLE DAY BLINDLY FLITTING ABOUT THE ROOM BASHING MY HEAD AGAINST THE WALLS!
YES - BUT I TRIED OUT THE ELIXIR OF SNAKE OIL AND WORE ALL THE SKIN OFF MY STOMACH WRIGGLING ABOUT ON THE FLOOR!
KNOCK!
KNOCK!
WAIT, BROTHER! SOME LUCKY PERSON IS KNOCKING AT OUR DOOR!
SPLENDID! IT SHALL BE HIS GOOD FORTUNE TO BECOME THE GOOBER FLEA EXTRACT PIONEER!
NOW WHO CAN THAT BE? IF IT'S WHO WE THINK IT IS THERE ARE GOING TO BE SOME MIGHTY EXCITING HAPPENINGS IN NEXT MONTH'S PEP COMICS
Animal Antix
SEND YOUR ANIMAL-ANTIX TO CATFISH JOE, PEP COMICS 160 W. BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N.Y.
BOBBY WARNKE OF CLEVELAND, OHIO SAYS A SQUIRREL CAME DOWN THE CHIMNEY AND STOLE NUTS FROM A BOWL ON A TABLE!
PATTY HOFFMAN OF PORTLAND OREGON SAYS HER UNCLE JACK HAS A PET DEER ON HIS RANCH THAT HE HAS TRAINED TO JUMP THROUGH A HOOP!
KENNETH WINTER OF INDIANAPOLIS WRITES THAT HIS KITTEN, BEULAH, LIKES TO RIDE ON THE BACK OF A BIG COLLIE DOG NAMED SHEP!

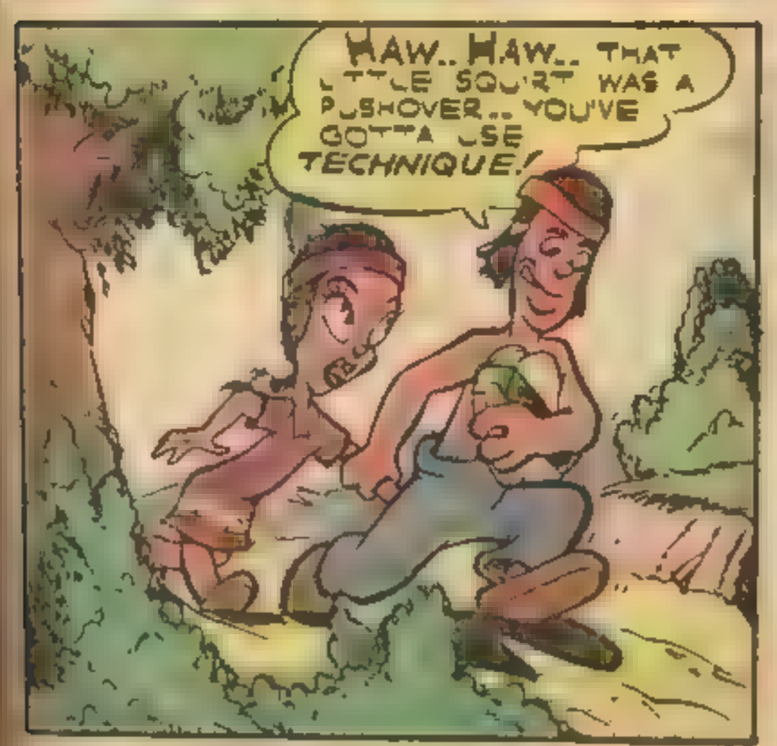

lil chief
BY DAVE HIGGINS
YEEOWEE
HELLO THERE YOU

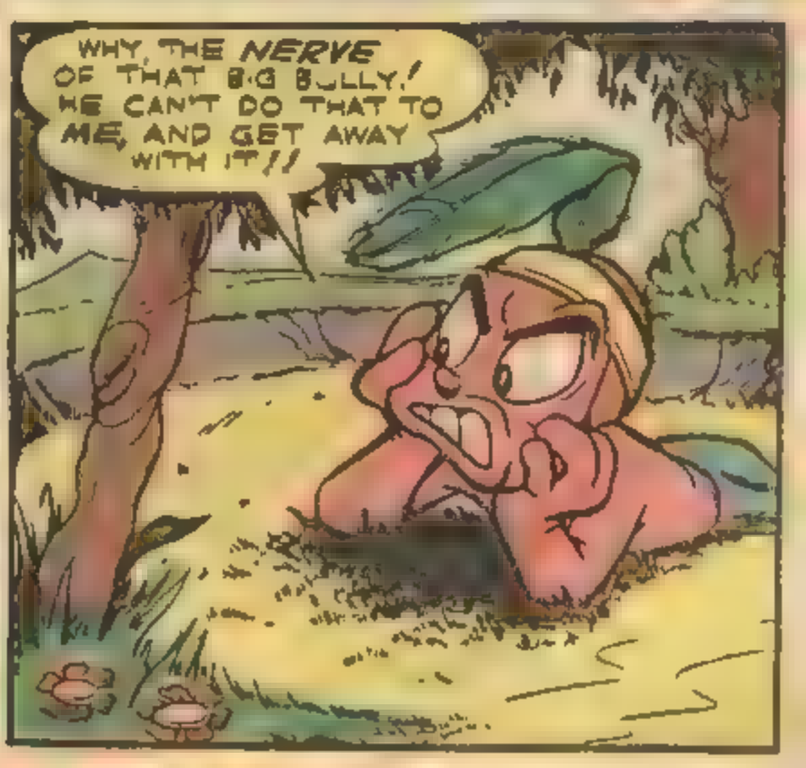

OH, BOY! WOTTA GAL.. I'VE GOT TO MAKE A HIT WITH HER SOMEHOW!

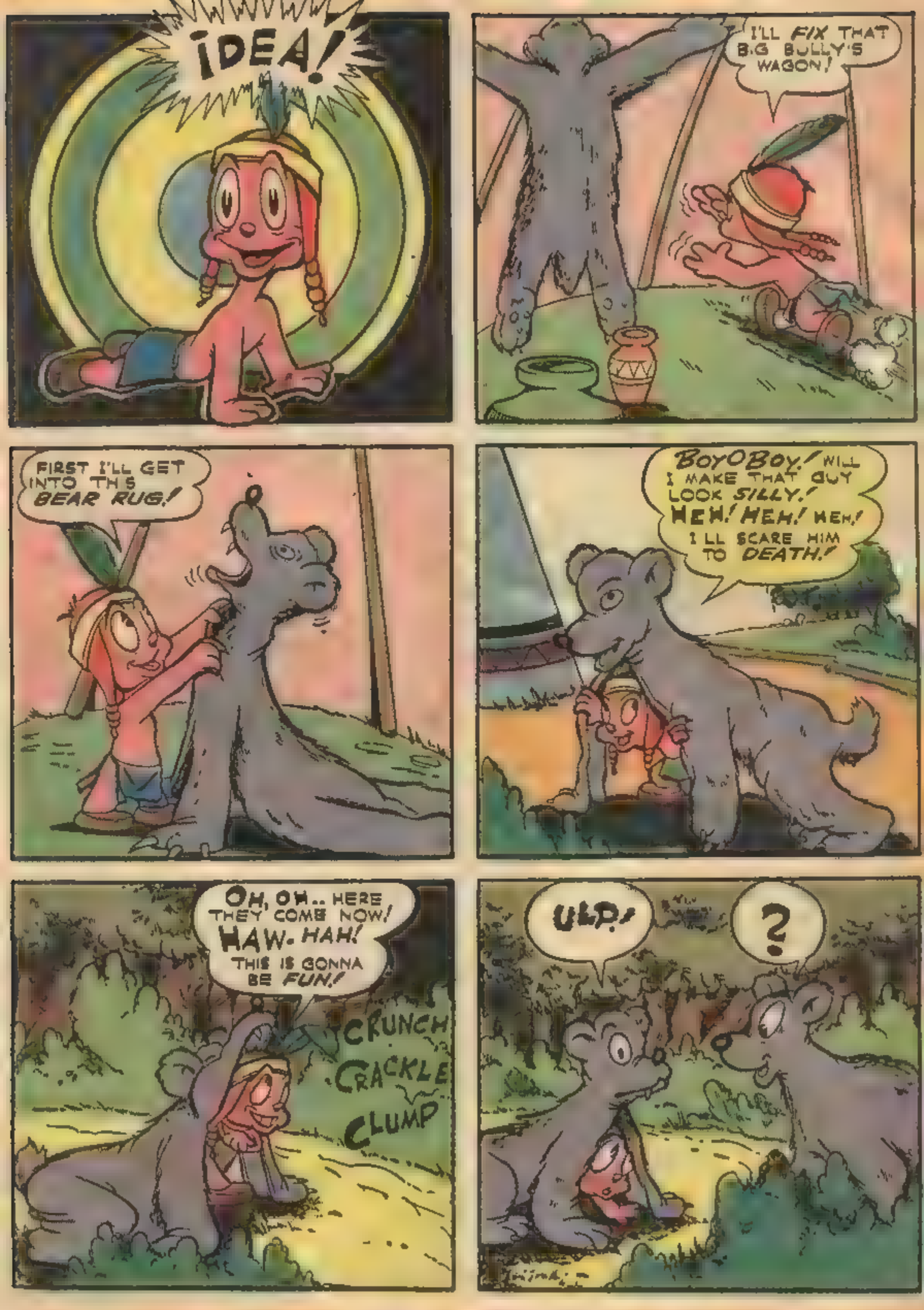

ER-UH-GULP!
OOOOHHHH IS THAT FOR MEEEE?
CANDY

GEE YES.. I BOUGHT IT JUST FOR YOU.. THAT IS, YOU AND I.. HEH, HEH! GULP!
CANDY

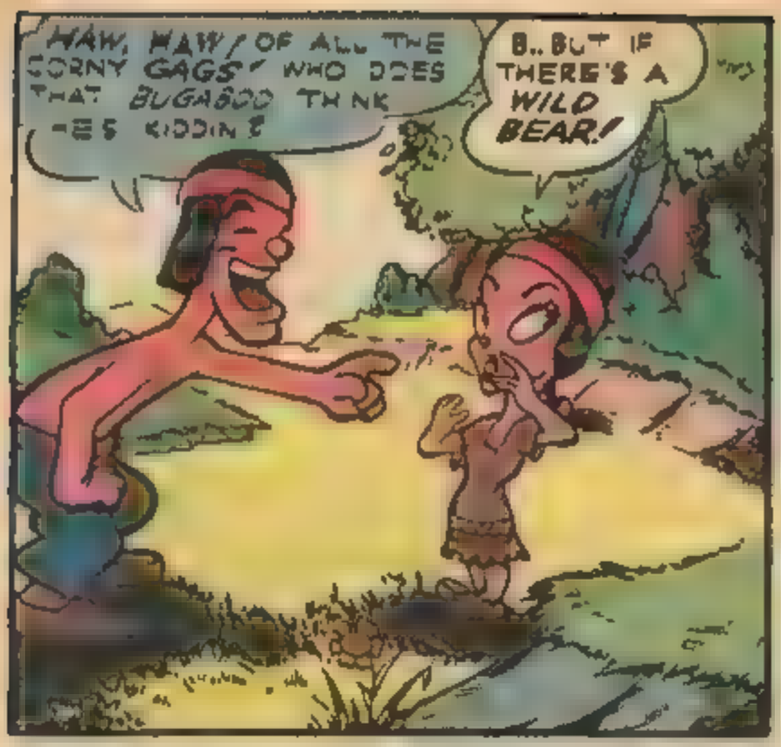

GEE, TANKS, CHUMP.. I ALWAYS DID LIKE CHOCOLATES, HAH! HAH!
SNATCH


HAW.. HAW.. THAT LITTLE SQUIRT WAS A PUSHOVER.. YOU'VE GOTTA USE TECHNIQUE!

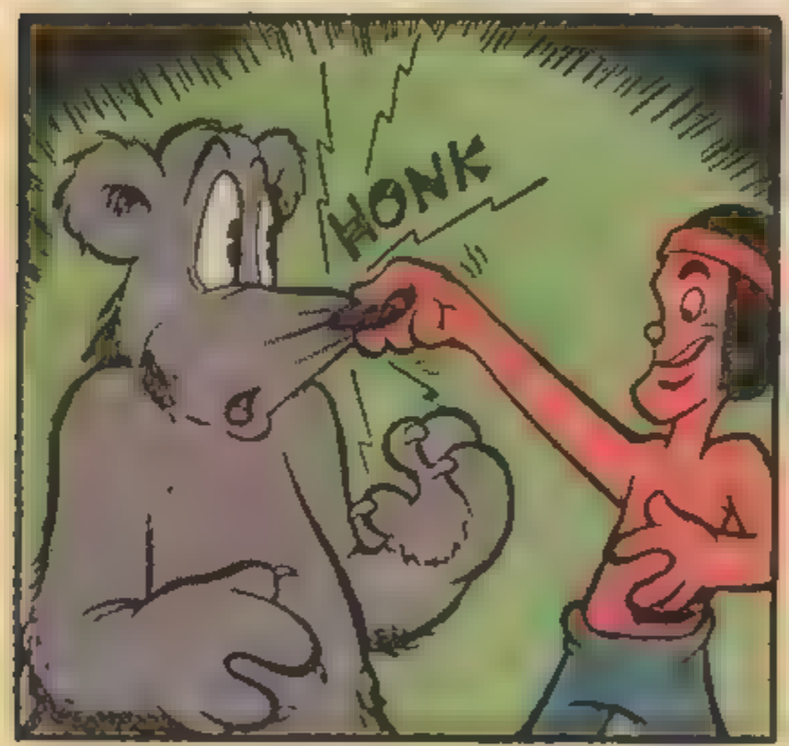

WHY, THE NERVE OF THAT B-G BULLY! HE CAN'T DO THAT TO ME, AND GET AWAY WITH IT!!

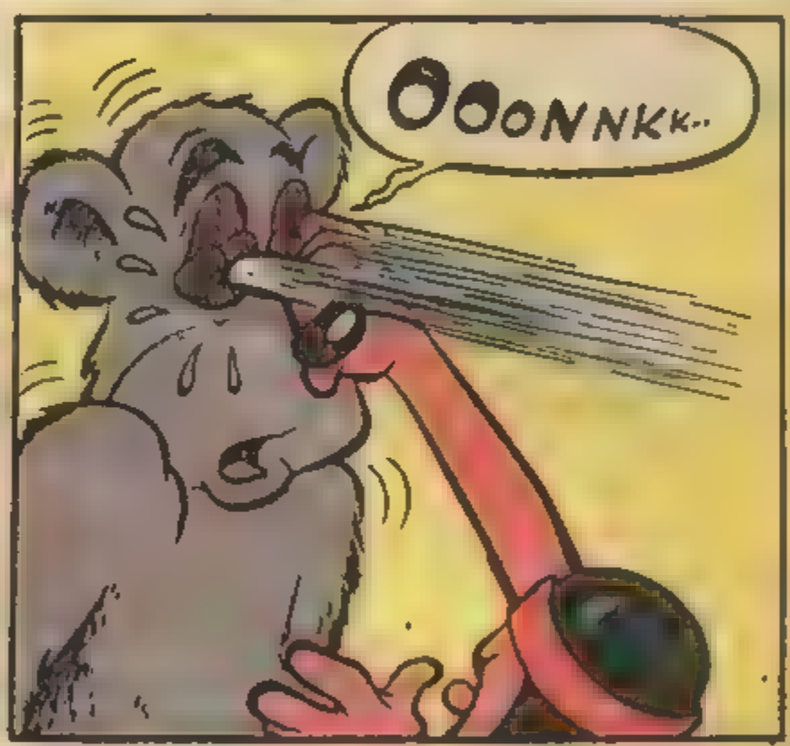

¡IDEA!
I'LL FIX THAT B.G BULLY'S WAGON!
FIRST I'LL GET INTO TH'S BEAR RUG!
BOY O BOY! WILL I MAKE THAT GUY LOOK SILLY! HEH! HEH! HEH! I LL SCARE HIM TO DEATH!
OH, OH.. HERE THEY COME NOW! HAW. HAH! THIS IS GONNA BE FUN!
CRUNCH
CRACKLE
CLUMP
ULP!
?

I THINK I'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE!
SMACK SMACK
SMACK
GRRR
GRR
GRR
GRRR
GRRR
POP
RUN FOR YOUR LIFE! WILD BEAR!


HAW, HAW! OF ALL THE CORNY GAGS! WHO DOES THAT BUGABOO THINK HE'S KIDDIN'?
B..BUT IF THERE'S A WILD BEAR!

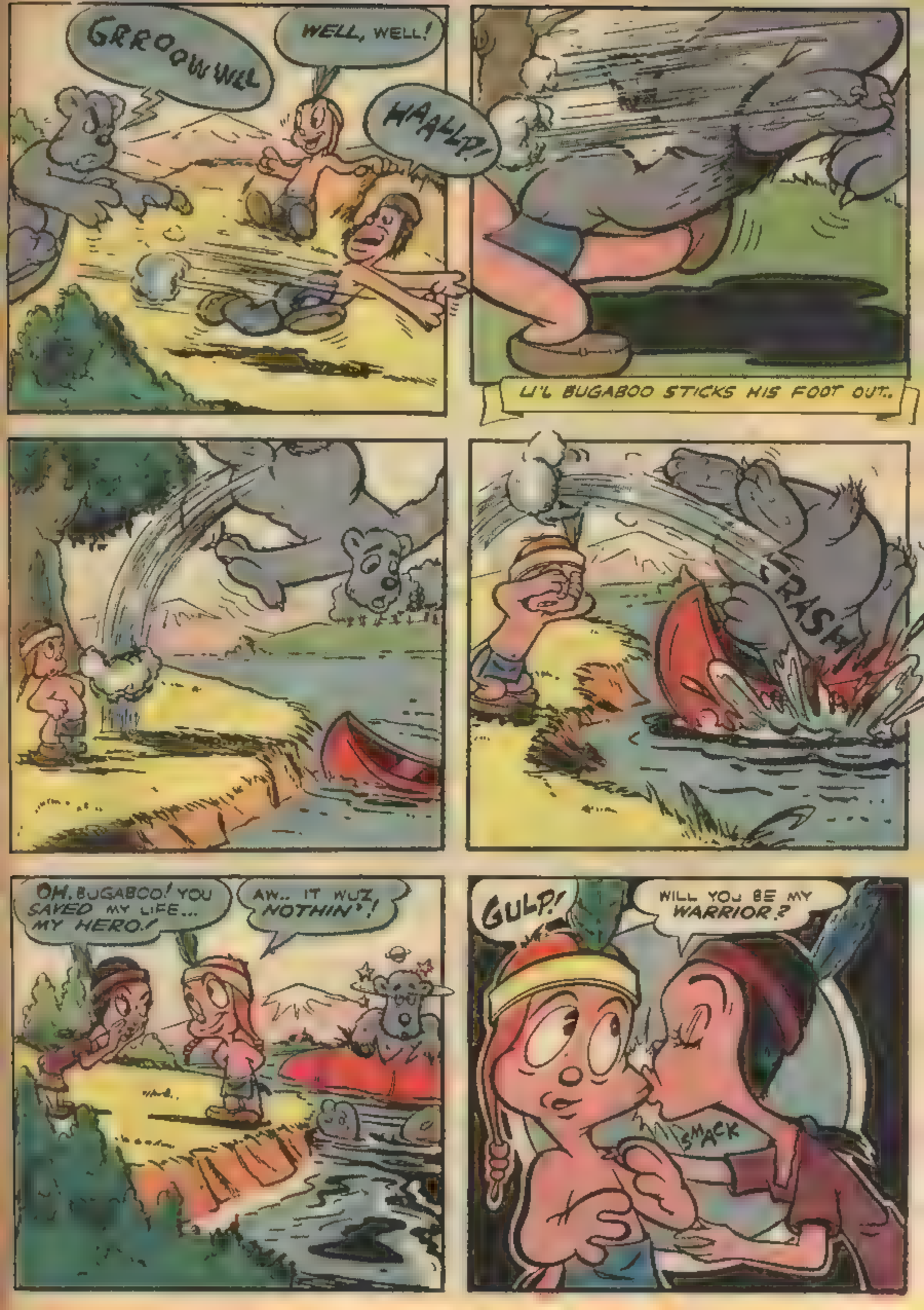
NAW... THAT LITTLE PHONEY'S TRYIN' TO SHOW ME UP WITH A BEAR'S DISGUISE... THE JERK! PSST... WATCH THIS!!


HONK

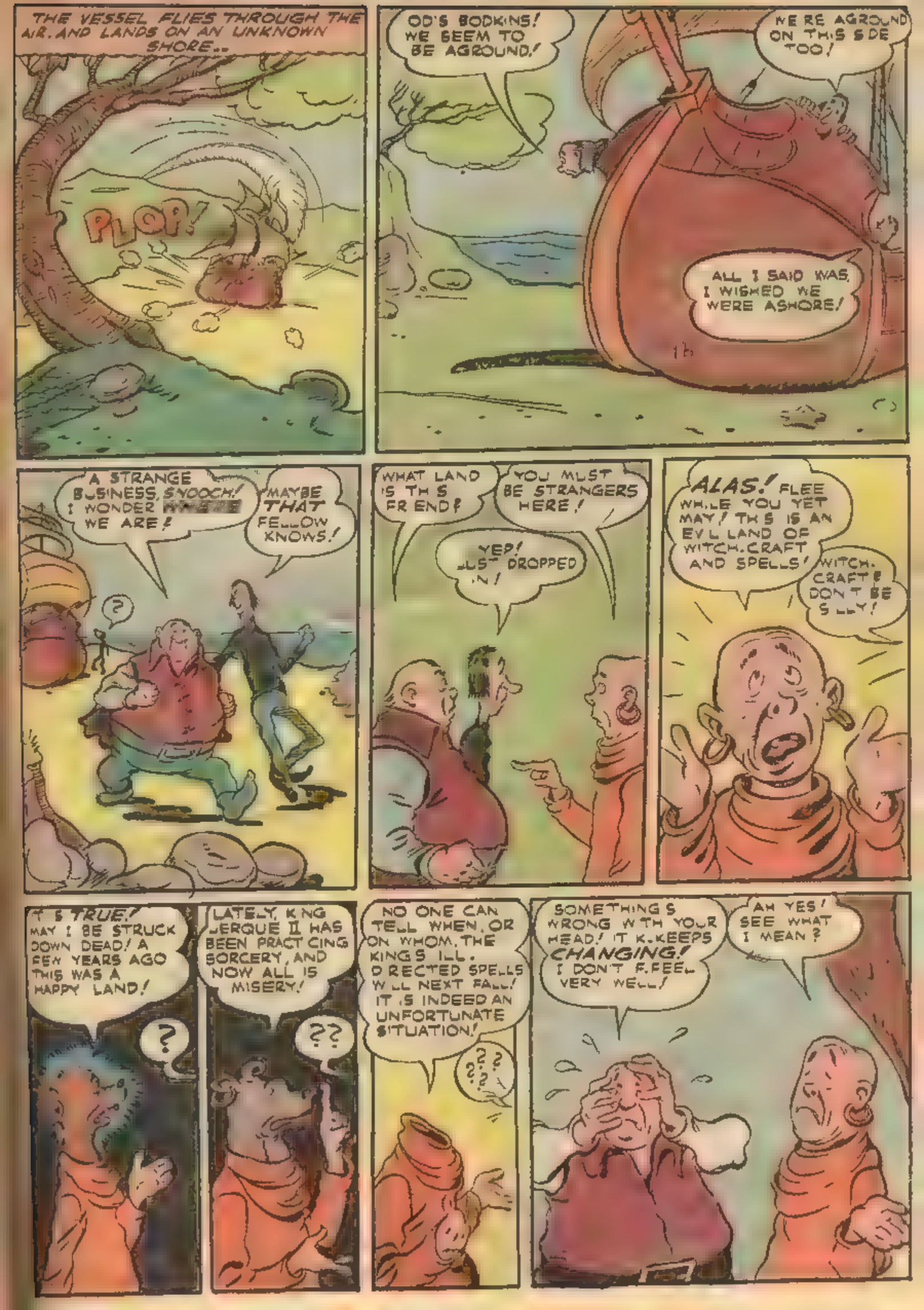

OOONNKK..

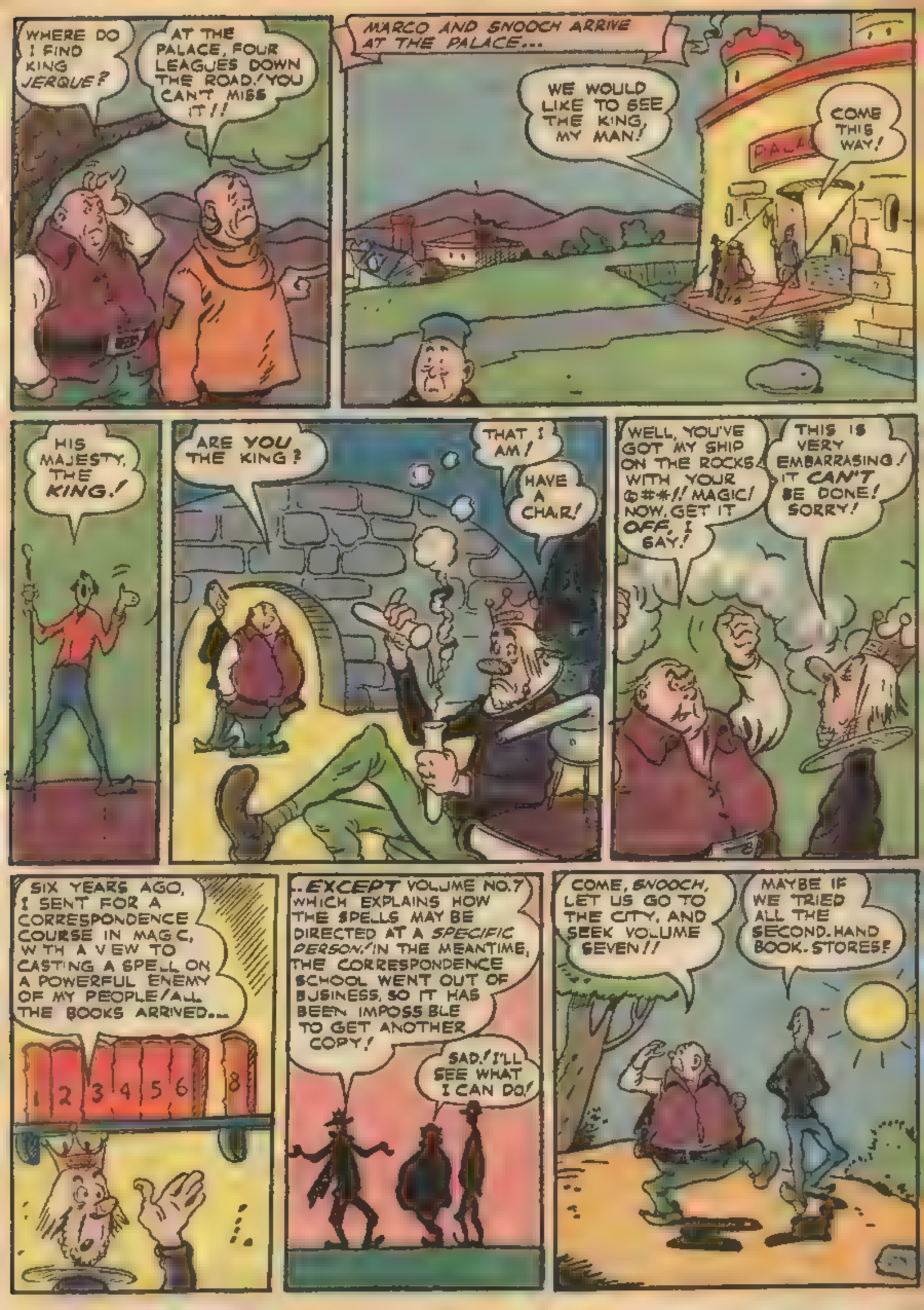
OKAY, WISE GUY! NOW TAKE IT OFF!

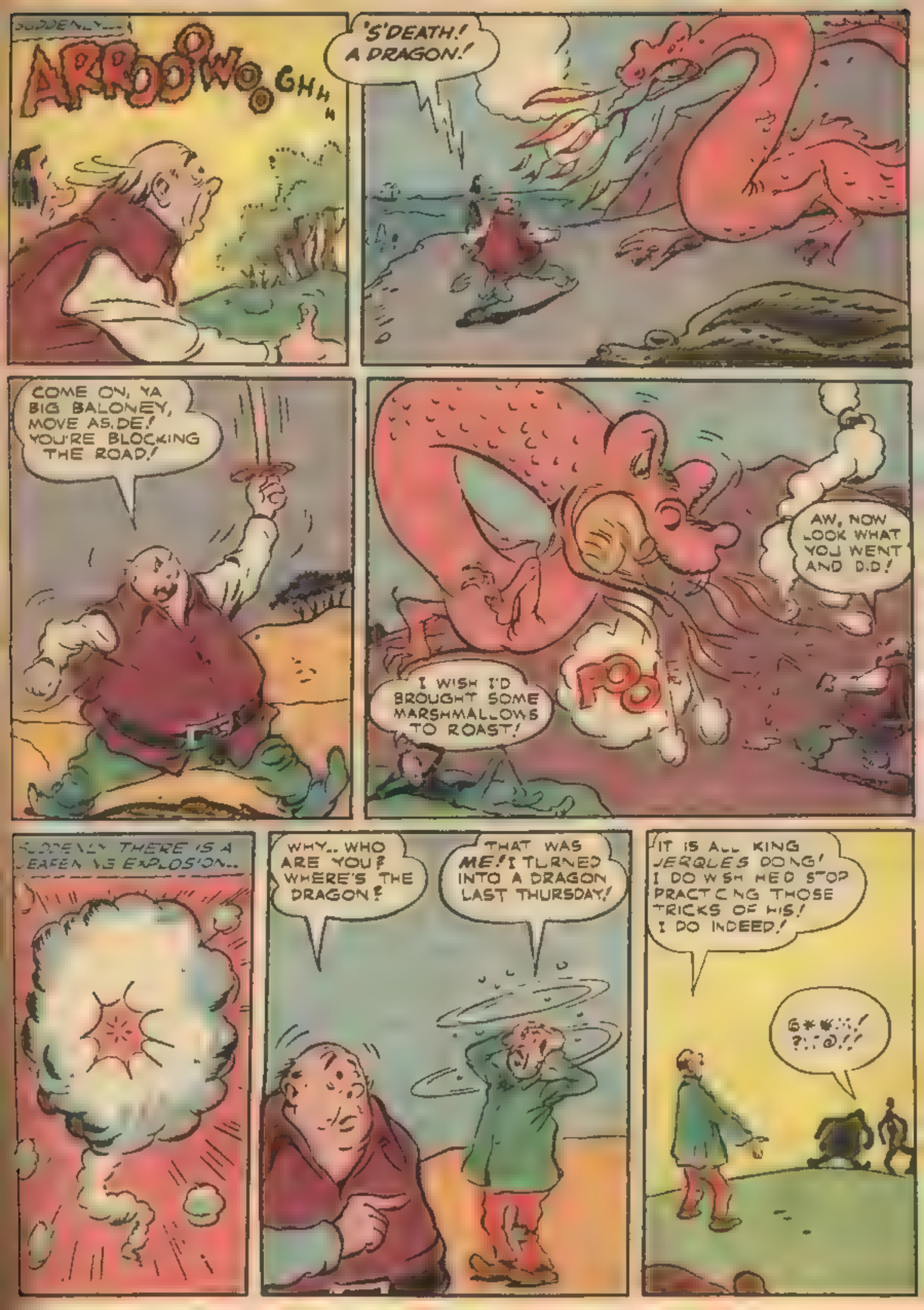
GULP!
GRRR
IT'S REAL!


GRROOWWL
WELL, WELL!
HAALLP!
LI'L BUGABOO STICKS HIS FOOT OUT..
CRASH!
OH, BUGABOO! YOU SAVED MY LIFE... MY HERO!
AW.. IT WUZ NOTHIN'!
GULP!
WILL YOU BE MY WARRIOR?
SMACK

MARCO LOCO
Adventurer
LAND HO! -GULP!!
BY CARL HUBBELL
WE FIND TWO MEMBERS OF MARCO LOCO'S CREW CHATTING ON DECK..
IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE WE HAD ANY EXCITEMENT, MERRY!
AYE! I WISH WE WERE ASHORE!
SUDDENLY THE SKY DARKENS THERE IS A FEARFUL CLAP OF THUNDER THE SEA HEAVES TUMULTUOUSLY AND A HUGE WATER-SPOUT LIFTS THE SHIP INTO THE AIR!
WHAT HO?
MAN! THE LIFEBOATS!


THE VESSEL FLIES THROUGH THE AIR, AND LANDS ON AN UNKNOWN SHORE..
PLOP!
OD'S BODKINS! WE SEEM TO BE AGROUND!
WE'RE AGROUND ON THIS SIDE TOO!
ALL I SAID WAS, I WISHED WE WERE ASHORE!
A STRANGE BUSINESS, SYOOCH! I WONDER WHERE WE ARE!
MAYBE THAT FELLOW KNOWS!
WHAT LAND IS THIS FRIEND?
YOU MUST BE STRANGERS HERE!
YEP! JUST DROPPED IN!
ALAS! FLEE WHILE YOU YET MAY! THIS IS AN EVIL LAND OF WITCH-CRAFT AND SPELLS!
WITCH-CRAFT? DON'T BE SILLY!
IT'S TRUE! MAY I BE STRUCK DOWN DEAD! A FEW YEARS AGO THIS WAS A HAPPY LAND!
?
LATELY, KING JERQUE II HAS BEEN PRACTICING SORCERY, AND NOW ALL IS MISERY!
??
NO ONE CAN TELL WHEN, OR ON WHOM, THE KING'S ILL-DIRECTED SPELLS WILL NEXT FALL! IT IS INDEED AN UNFORTUNATE SITUATION!
???
SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH YOUR HEAD! IT KEEPS CHANGING! I DON'T F-FEEL VERY WELL!
AH YES! SEE WHAT I MEAN?


WHERE DO I FIND KING JERQUE?
AT THE PALACE, FOUR LEAGUES DOWN THE ROAD. YOU CAN'T MISS IT!!
MARCO AND SNOOCH ARRIVE AT THE PALACE...
WE WOULD LIKE TO SEE THE KING, MY MAN!
COME THIS WAY!
HIS MAJESTY, THE KING!
ARE YOU THE KING?
THAT I AM!
HAVE A CHAIR!
WELL, YOU'VE GOT MY SHIP ON THE ROCKS WITH YOUR @#*!! MAGIC! NOW, GET IT OFF, I SAY!
THIS IS VERY EMBARRASING! IT CAN'T BE DONE! SORRY!
SIX YEARS AGO, I SENT FOR A CORRESPONDENCE COURSE IN MAGIC, WITH A VIEW TO CASTING A SPELL ON A POWERFUL ENEMY OF MY PEOPLE. ALL THE BOOKS ARRIVED...
1 2 3 4 5 6 8
..EXCEPT VOLUME NO.7 WHICH EXPLAINS HOW THE SPELLS MAY BE DIRECTED AT A SPECIFIC PERSON. IN THE MEANTIME, THE CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL WENT OUT OF BUSINESS, SO IT HAS BEEN IMPOSSIBLE TO GET ANOTHER COPY!
SAD! I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO!
COME, SNOOCH, LET US GO TO THE CITY, AND SEEK VOLUME SEVEN!!
MAYBE IF WE TRIED ALL THE SECOND-HAND BOOK-STORES!


SUDDENLY...
ARROOWOOGHHH
'S'DEATH! A DRAGON!
COME ON, YA BIG BALONEY, MOVE AS.DE! YOU'RE BLOCKING THE ROAD!
AW, NOW LOOK WHAT YOU WENT AND D.D!
I WISH I'D BROUGHT SOME MARSHMALLOWS TO ROAST!
FOO
SUDDENLY THERE IS A DEAFEN NG EXPLOSION..
WHY.. WHO ARE YOU? WHERE'S THE DRAGON?
THAT WAS ME! I TURNED INTO A DRAGON LAST THURSDAY!
IT IS ALL KING JERQLES DOING! I DO WISH HE'D STOP PRACTICING THOSE TRICKS OF HIS! I DO INDEED!
@*%!! ?!@!!

THE POPULACE WILL BE GRATEFUL TO US, SNOOCH, IF WE FIND THE MISSING BOOK! THEY MUST FIND THIS SORT OF THING VERY TRYING, POOR SOULS!
((SNERT!))
AND HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN IN THIS CONDITION, MY UNFORTUNATE FELLOW?
GROWRRRRRR
I HAVE A FEELING, SNOOCH, WE HAVE MADE A MISTAKE!
GRRR!!
GULP! LOOK OUT!!
THIS IS THE END, SNOOCH! WHAT A HORRIBLE FATE!
GOOD BYE, MARCO!
SAVED!
WELL, I'LL BE.. WHO MIGHT YOU BE GRANDPA?
I, SIR, AM A POSTMAN!

SIX YEARS AGO, I WAS ON MY WAY TO THE PALACE WITH THIS BOOK! YOU MAY NOT BLIEVE IT, BUT I SUDDENLY FOUND MYSELF SITTING ON THIS LEDGE!
OF ALL PLACES!
MAGIC VOL 7
NO FOOLING?
CROSS MY HEART! I'VE BEEN HERE EVER SINCE!
WELL, THERE MUST BE SOME WAY TO GET DOWN! IF WE COULD ONLY GET ACROSS THIS RAVINE TO THE OTHER CLIFF! HMM...
I'M AFRAID THIS IS THE ONLY WAY!
HEY!
HANG ON!
OHHHH
AND SO THEY RETURN TO THE PALACE..
MY BOOK!
THAT WILL BE 18¢ POSTAGE DUE!
YEAH... AND THAT'LL ALSO BE ONE SHIP PUT BACK AFLOAT! SO, GET GOING, YOUR MAJESTY!
ONLY TOO PLEASED!
AH! THERE SHE IS! EVERYBODY SEEMS TO BE ABOARD!
?
MUCH LATER..
SEE HER YET?
NO! KEEP ROWING! THAT @%:#!?! KING!
SAIL WITH MARCO LOCO NEXT MONTH, WHEN HE PROBES THE STRANGE MYSTERIES OF.. THE FAR EAST...
6

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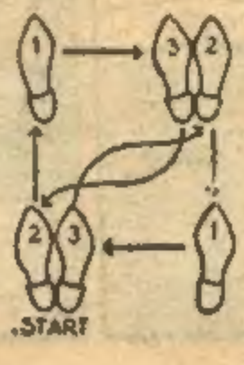

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Part of Contents

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1. How to take care of your skin.
2. Professional Make-up Tricks.
3. Secrets of Smart Hair-Styling.
4. Hands can be a tale; manicuring.
5. Your feet should be admired.
6. Carriage, posture, walking. Acquiring grace and ease.
7. Do you sit correctly?
8. What you should weigh.
9. Table of Average Weights.
10. If you are fat, how to reduce safely, easily.
11. If you are thin, putting on weight.
12. Does one have to exercise?
13. Assuring personal cleanliness and hygiene; check list.
14. Take care of your teeth.
15. How much sleep do you need?
16. She Walks in Beauty.
17. When is a girl smartly dressed? Knows her type—never overdressed—never conscious of clothes—yet with certain verve and dash.
18. How to effect certain optical illusions to appear taller or shorter, thinner or rounder.
19. If you are very short, here is what you can do; fabrics, colors, types and clothes to wear; accessories. Actions and manners, too.
20. How to dress if you are very tall.
21. If you are stout, besides trying to lose weight, here's what else to do and not to do. Don't wear tight clothes, tiny hats, small things. Here are best colors, fabrics, styles for you!
22. The normal figure woman; how to select the most becoming clothes; What goes with what.
23. Building your wardrobe, plan—don't plunge. Building around what you need most, adding endless variety.
24. Accessories are important relating to several costumes.
25. Six rules for being well-groomed.
26. What men don't like in women's clothes or grooming.
27. How to achieve that well-dressed appearance that makes people notice you.

SECTION II—WHAT TO DO TO IMPROVE YOUR RELATIONS WITH OTHERS.

28. How to meet people in cordial and poised manner—when to shake hands, what to say.
29. What a smile can do; laughter.
30. Adding interest to your voice.
31. Looking at other people with open mind.
32. Your troubles are your own; don't spread your woes.
33. The art of conversation. Don't be a Langent talker, omit the terrible details, brevity still soul of wit.
34. Nothing duller than walking encyclopedia; insert own opinions and ideas, avoid useless chatter.
35. How to be interesting talker.
36. Listen with mind as well as ears.
37. Do people like you more as time goes on?
38. How to overcome shyness and self-consciousness.
39. How to develop physical and mental appeal.
40. Having a good time at a party.
41. When dining out, two or a crowd, formal or casual.
42. How are your telephone manners?
43. Write the sort of letters you would like to receive.
44. Shopping, pleasure or ordeal?
45. Manners and clothes of yesterday compared to those of today.
46. Don't be a martyr-type; out of fashion to enjoy poor health, or sacrifice life for children, parents, etc.
47. The wishy-washy dear is burden to herself and others. let people know your likes and dislikes.
48. How to handle the question of money matters.
49. Help, help, what's the answer? Should you let prospective beau take you to 55c theatre seats or to orchestra only? Does he fail to bring flowers because he is stingy, thoughtless or impoverished? When he asks you where to go, should you name a tea room or an expensive supper club? When he asks you what you want for a gift, should you say, "nothing" or "Guerlain's Perfume"? etc., etc.
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51. Charm is like a beautiful dress. It can be acquired. Discover your faults and eliminate them—emphasize all your good qualities.

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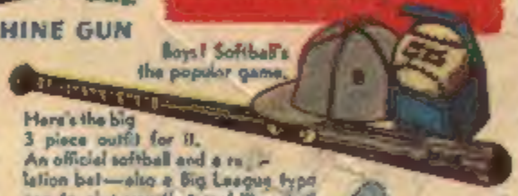

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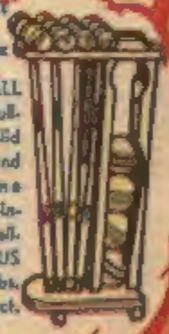

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GET YOUR PRIZE THIS EASY WAY

Most prizes shown above and dozens of others in our Big Prize Book are given WITHOUT COST for selling only one 40-pack order of American Vegetable and Flower Seeds at 10c per large pack. Some of the bigger prizes require extra money, as stated.

Everybody wants American Seeds for Victory Gardens—they're fresh and ready to grow. You'll sell them quickly and get your prize at once, or, if you prefer, take one-third cash commission on all seeds sold. GET BUSY—send coupon today for free prize book and seeds.

OUR 26TH YEAR

Send No Money—We Trust You

AMERICAN SEED CO., INC., Dept. 107, Lancaster, Pa.

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Please send the BIG PRIZE BOOK and 40 packs of Vegetable and Flower Seeds. I will resell them at 10c each, send you the money promptly, and get my prize.

My choice of prize is _____

Name _____

R.F.D. Box or Street No. _____

City _____ State _____